THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Professor Peck's critical analysis of the literary work of Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. De Wolfe Howe's paper on Washington Irving have been unavoidably postponed until next month.

❀

The *Sun* of this city has been speaking of the late Archbishop of Canterbury as "Lord Benson." This was evidently not written by one of Mr. Dana's Bright Young Men, but by some young man who is not bright at all. Still, if you see it in the *Sun* it's (generally) so.

❀

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

If, as you say, *Marm Lisa* ends in the November *Atlantic*, are we not entitled to a sequel?

Dear Mrs. Kate D W. Riggs,
We'd hate to be considered pigs;
We don't so very much care to know
What came of the Grubb twins here below,
But, oh, do tell us! Did Mistress Mary
Ever marry the Solitary?

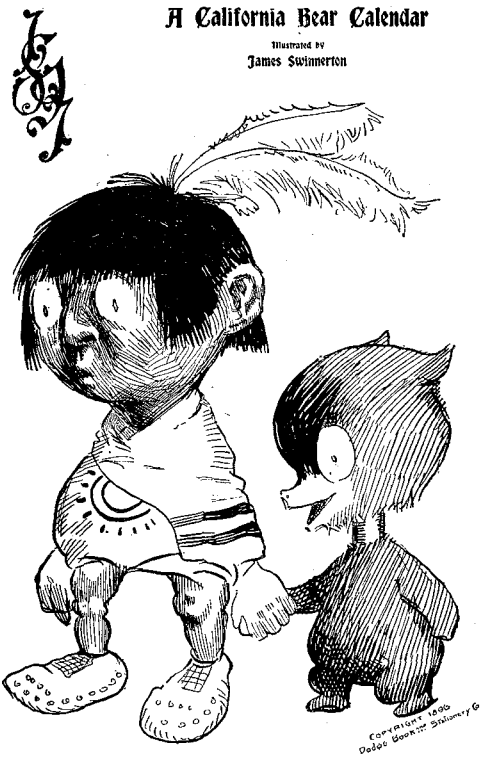
H. N.

❀

As a matter of scientific experiment we should like to have Mr. Henry T. Finck write a paper on "The Probable Knowledge of Quaternions among the Pre-Confucian Chinese." Our motive in assigning such a subject to Mr. Finck is a strong desire to see whether he would be able to get beyond the first page without bringing in the beloved name of Herr Anton Seidl.

❀

Just a year ago there was published by Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, a book "for wee bits of tykes," which we warmly recommended. We were especially pleased with the illustrations, which had those elements of exuberant fancy and whimsical humour that appeal to the incipient intelligence of the child. The artist, Mr. James Swinnerton, known as "Swin," has this year designed "A California Bear Calendar," which is just as unique, and we have preferred it among all the calendars that have come to us. It is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company, San Francisco, for fifty cents; and a gorgeous poster in red, green and black goes with it.



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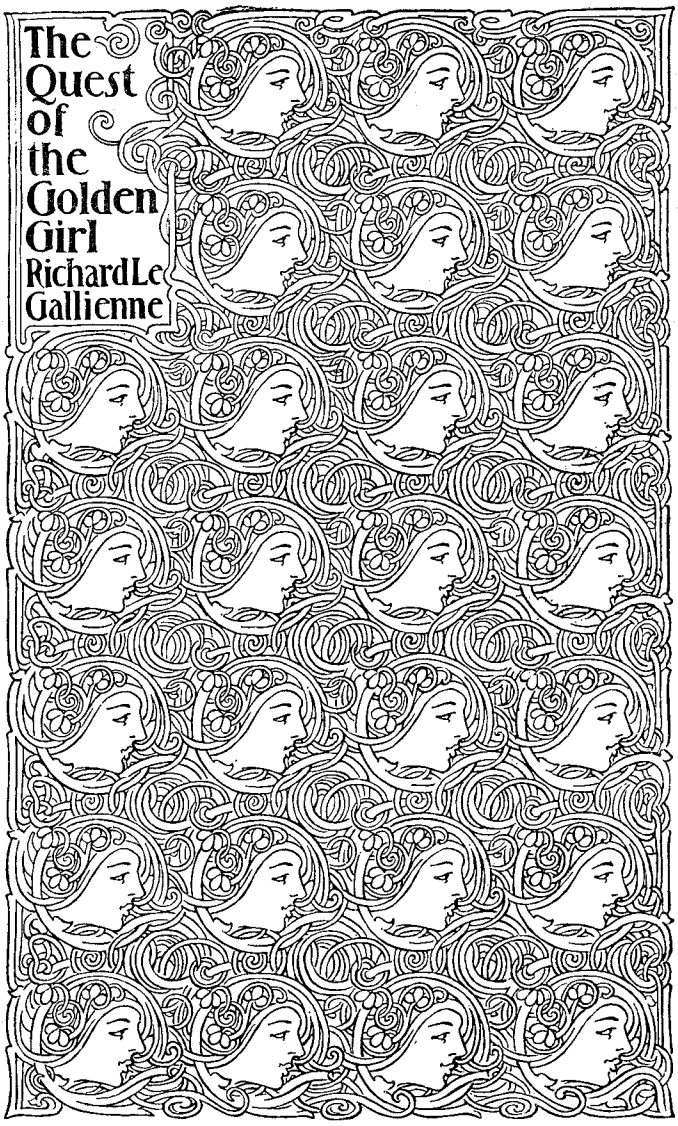

The Quest of the Golden Girl, by Richard Le Gallienne, has appeared at last. We expect in our next number to publish a critical review of the book. Mr. Le Gallienne, it may be said, has not had justice done him in America at the hands of the critics. It was rumoured that Mr. Le Gallienne would visit America at the beginning of the year in company with his publisher Mr. John Lane, but we hear that this is very unlikely. His projected lecture tour in America is also still an uncertainty. We understand that Mr. Le Gallienne is one of the most polished and charming speakers on the platform, and it is averred that when he comes here to lecture he will win a very kind reception. Mr. Will Bradley has drawn a very beautiful cover design for *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, which we are permitted to reproduce.

❀

The cartoon of the "Yellow Dwarf," which is contributed to the last number of *The Yellow Book* by Max Beerbohm, is not very flattering to Mr. Henry Harland. The authorship of the very clever and unorthodox criticisms written by the "Yellow Dwarf" is still enshrouded in mystery, but we repeat what we said months ago when we read the first paper by him, that the "Yellow Dwarf," in spite of denials, is no other than Mr. Henry Harland, the editor of *The Yellow Book*.

❀

Sienkiewicz's new novel, *Quo Vadis*, has met with instantaneous success. It was published only about two months ago, and it is already in its sixth edition. One needs only to refer to the titles on the List of Best Six Selling Books to note with what frequency it has taken the lead in all the large towns and cities throughout the States.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, who publish the works of the Polish novelist, will begin during the year the publication of an entirely new edition of the works of America's great historian, Francis Parkman. It will include more than one hundred full page portraits and plates from original paintings and rare prints, together with a number of pictures made especially for this

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edition by eminent artists. Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, upon which he has been engaged for several years, will also issue from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company early in the year. It is to be published in two volumes, uniform with this author's great naval work, entitled *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, and will contain many photogravure portraits.

❀

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company of London announce a very important work, *A History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present*. It is to extend to four octavo volumes profusely illustrated, under the general editorship of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, of King's College, London. The history of the English navy will be taken up by periods, and each period to be dealt with by a distinguished specialist in naval affairs. Possibly because Mr. Clowes is himself a gold medallist of the United States Naval Institute, he has included among his collaborators two Americans, Captain A. T. Mahan and the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Although the publishers' announcement does not say so, we are able to inform our readers that Captain Mahan will treat of the period covering England's wars with France in the last century, and Mr. Roosevelt the period in which occurred the War of 1812. In other words, the only two periods during which England and the United States have been engaged in war with each other will be described for Englishmen by American writers.

❀

This is in itself an astonishing thing, and it is bound to lead to a good deal of enlightenment in Darkest England on some points of which Englishmen have hitherto been wholly ignorant, or over which they have always discreetly drawn a veil. From none of the existing works that contain the political and military history of these two periods, and that have been written for English consumption, would the most acute reader glean the idea that the United States had ever had any naval history at all before the beginning of our Civil War. The exploits of Paul Jones, and the feats of Perry, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Porter are always consistently ignored; and the War of 1812, especially, is spoken of in a casual way as though it began and ended with the burning of Washington and the encounter between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. Even as to events that only indirectly reflect on Britain's prowess, the lofty British mind has seen fit to affect a sort of intellectual amblyopia. For instance, in that volume of the "Story of the Nations" series which deals with the Barbary Pirates, not a word is said to show that the United States ever had any conflicts with them. Why? Because after narrating how Great Britain, like the Continental nations, meekly paid blackmail to those marauders rather than fight them, no Englishman likes to tell how the United States, though at that time weak and almost navyless, firmly refused to buy an ignoble peace, but answered with her cannon the demand for tribute, blew the piratical blackamoors out of the water, and sent a force that marched upon their capital and put an end to their insolence forever. Even American writers (more shame to them!) when writing for an international audience have too often mildly glozed over the facts that might be unpalatable to British ears. Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard University, for instance, in narrating the history of the United States for the new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, speaks of the War of 1812 as though he were half ashamed of what his own country accomplished in the unequal but glorious struggle. He has nothing to say of the battles on Lake Champlain and on Lake Erie, and of the surrender of two British fleets to extemporised American squadrons; and in mentioning the Battle of New Orleans, he seems to give the greater praise to English valour when he euphemistically says that "General Jackson repelled *a most gallant attack of the British* on New Orleans." "Repelled" is good.

❀

Now, however, a great light is going to shine into the dark places of the British mind. We are not so sure about Captain Mahan, because he has been greatly cockered by the English during the past few years, and he may not like to mention the fact that Paul Jones swept the commerce of England from the "silver streak," and made the thun-

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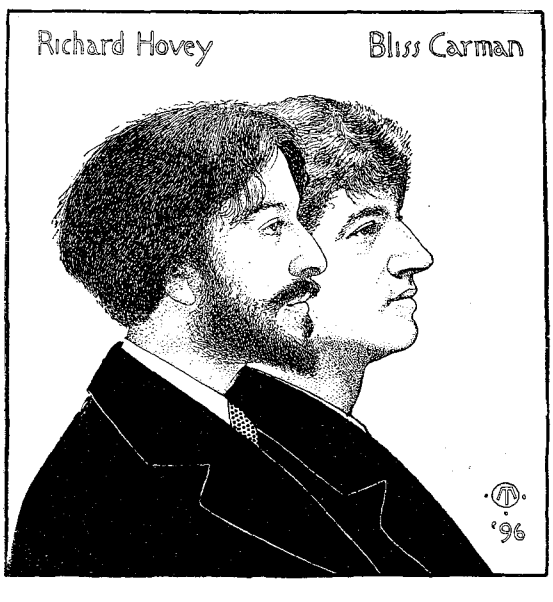
der of his cannon audible off Flamborough Head. But we think that the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt may safely be trusted to tell the whole of the truth about the War of 1812, in such a way that the most hyocephalous Briton will understand it. And this is no spread-eagleism. We Americans in all our histories frankly and regretfully write down the account of the miserable incompetency and worse than folly that characterised so many of our campaigns in that trying contest; and all we ask is that our whilom enemies in their turn should be equally frank in setting forth the other side of the chequered narrative. This is only a demand for that fair play which the English profess to worship, and a recognition of the decent regard that should be given to historic truth.

❀

More Songs from Vagabondia, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, is as light-



some and untrammelled in its singing as was the first volume, which is now in its third edition.

> "Now it's the song of a lover;
> Now it's the lilt of a loafer."

It is the rejuvenescent spirit of the author of *Travels with a Donkey*, roaming in "God's green caravanserai," that inspires these comrades to celebrate in song their wanderings under the free blue heaven. As the poets have it in one of Mr. Meteyard's designs, which adorn the end papers of the book,

> "Whose furthest footstep never strayed
> Beyond the village of his birth,
> Is but a lodger for the night
> In this old wayside inn of earth.
>
> "To-morrow he shall take his pack,
> And set out for the ways beyond,
> On the old trail, from star to star,
> An alien and a vagabond"

Quite a large volume of poems, by the way, is promised in February from Mr. Francis Thompson to be published by Messrs. Copeland and Day.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has in the press of the same firm a volume of short essays of a speculative and whimsical character on disconnected subjects. The title in good Romany is *Patrins.* A patrin, Miss Guiney says, according to George Borrow, in "Romano Lavo-Lil," is "a gipsy trail—handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the gipsies on the road to denote to those behind the way which they have taken." The book will not be published until the spring. The same firm has added a third volume to their luxurious English Love Sonnets Series, being Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

❀

Prof. William Milligan Sloane is just now very much before the public eye, because of the appearance in book form of the first half of his monumental life of Napoleon, of which a review will appear in the next number of THE BOOKMAN, and because of his recent acceptance of a call to the Seth Low Chair of History in Columbia University. He is now in Europe arranging for the simultaneous publication in French and German of his Napoleon. Professor Sloane has had an unusual training for historical teaching, having enjoyed at once broad literary culture, long practice in methods of historical research, and a scarcely less indispensable acquaintance with the world and its affairs. He graduated from Columbia University in the class of 1868, and also studied in Germany, turning his attention at first

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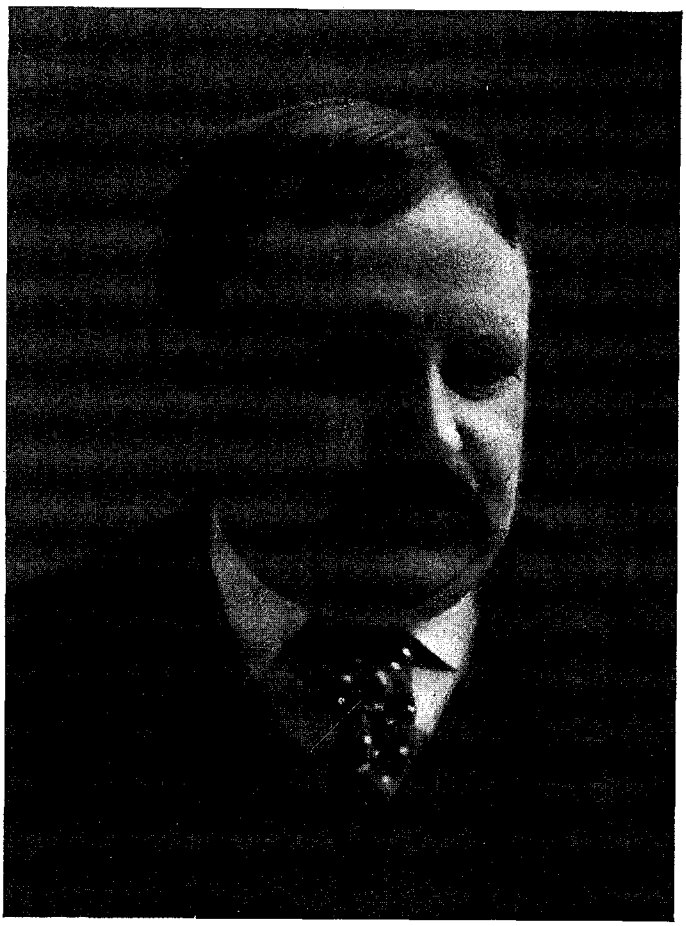
to linguistic pursuits, and making an especial study of the Latin language and literature and of Semitic. For some time, however, he was the private secretary of the Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, and aided him very effectively in the prosecution of his investigations. This probably turned his mind to history as his life vocation, for although he first held at Princeton University the chair of Latin, he soon transferred his efforts to historical work and accepted the post of Professor of History in that institution. In 1887 the Trustees of Columbia University called him to the Latin chair, made vacant by the death of Professor Charles Short, but he had already so identified himself with another line of work that he declined the offer. Since then his name has steadily gained in eminence, and the publication of his latest book has given him an international reputation, the English and Continental notices being remarkably and unusually cordial in their expressions of praise and admiration.



Yours ever

Wm. M. Sloane.

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In this country, curiously enough, the work has received less general commendation than foreign critics have given it; but when one comes to analyse the reason of this discrepancy, it will be seen to redound altogether to the honour of Professor Sloane. The story of Napoleon has so long been regarded as a sort of historical romance as to make the public await each new life of the great Corsican with an anticipatory hunger for a new sensation. The "general reader," who has had hashed up before him for a number of years a perpetual feast of back-door scandal, piquant anecdote, personal gossip, valet-de-chambre's reminiscences, and waiting-maid's key-hole chronicles, has become both blasé and historically bleareyed, so that he forgets that Napoleon made other conquests than those of actresses, and that his history is something more than a recapitulation of his wardrobe, his personal habits, and his daily bill of fare. Consequently, when Professor Sloane, while still drawing the picture of this unique career with keen insight into character, vivid power of description, and a perfect appreciation of all its dramatic potentialities, nevertheless views the theme in the

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spirit of a philosophical historian and with perfect poise and sense of proportion, the public, finding his great work so different from the rhyparography of Barras and Masson, is conscious at first of a feeling of disappointment. But this first feeling is, as we said before, in reality a splendid tribute to the scientific character of Professor Sloane's achievement; for, reversing the scriptural precedent, when asked for stones he has given to the world the bread of historical truth.

❀

It has been to many a source of surprise that Professor Sloane could be induced to exchange his chair at Princeton for the Columbia professorship, as he had been so long and so honourably identified with the former university, and had made for himself so exceptional a position there. It is no secret that on the death of Dr. McCosh, Professor Sloane would have succeeded him in the Presidency of Princeton, had not the traditions of that institution required the incumbent of the office to be a clergyman of the Presbyterian faith. The social life of the place is also charming. Yet to one who, like Professor Sloane, is not only a scientific investigator, but in the best and highest sense a cultivated man of the world, the advantages and special attractions of metropolitan life must inevitably be an irresistible magnet. The facilities for research, the special historical collections, and the larger life of a great city could not fail to influence him, and it must besides have been a source of personal gratification to receive a second time so marked a compliment from his own Alma Mater. In any case, Princeton is distinctly the loser and Columbia no less distinctly the gainer by his acceptance of this call; and New York now owes once more a tribute of gratitude to President Low for bringing it about, and again making manifest his almost inspired instinct for always doing exactly the right thing at precisely the right time.

❀

The Von Bulow letters will be published shortly in London by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

❀

Dr. Conan Doyle, whose new novel, *Rodney Stone*, is reviewed on another page, has written for the *Strand Magazine* an article of a somewhat biographical character, based upon his experiences during a season upon a Peterhead whaler. It is called "Life on a Greenland Whaler." The title of the new novel which he has written for publication in the London *Queen* in the early part of this year is *Uncle Bernac, a Memory of the Empire.*

❀

Dr. Conan Doyle's method of work is in striking contrast to that of many authors whose contracts are made nowadays until the end of the century—and after. Dr. Doyle rarely pledges himself to write a story, even a short one, until the piece of work he has in hand is entirely finished. Any other course, he says, would put upon him a sense of responsibility which would tell against good results. Such a simple plan should commend itself to any author driven to the borderland of despair by a casual perusal of *Smith on Contracts.*

❀

The February number of the *Idler* will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new serial, entitled *Shrewsbury.* Mr. Weyman has been engaged on the story for more than a year, and those who have seen the manuscript think it is the best thing he has yet done.

❀

In our last September number we gave five illustrations of "Drumtochty" scenes from photographs taken there by Mr. Clifton Johnson for an illustrated edition of Ian Maclaren's two books of Scottish idylls. Mr. Johnson's illustrations to *A Window in Thrums*, also published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and made uniform with the foregoing, ought to give the American readers a very picturesque idea of the background upon which the scenes and characters of these stories are cast. Mr. Johnson has also illustrated a selection of nature pictures from Mr. Burroughs's works for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and still another book, which is all his own, through Messrs. Lee and Shepard. Mr. Johnson was a New England farm boy, and has, with very few exceptions, always lived in a little country hamlet on the banks of the Connecticut River. When fifteen he left school and spent nearly five

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years in a book-store in a neighbouring city. It was this familiarity with books that strengthened his artistic and literary bent, and enabled him also to understand better what makes a book attractive in the matter of illustrations. At this time he began to sketch and write, and when he returned to the farm life he kept up the practice, and gradually found his way into periodical literature. His interest in pictorial work led him to study in the New York art schools for several winters. As a help in drawing he purchased a camera and made a series of photographs for a local illustrated work, which proved very successful. This gave him the idea of his first book, *The New England Country*. Since then the Messrs. Appleton have published two books of his, *The Country School* and *The Farmer's Boy*, and an illustrated edition of White's *Selborne*.

Clifton Johnson

❀

Being interested in Mr. Johnson's process of illustrating with a photographic basis, we asked him how he went about it. "I make my photographs," he says, "just as I would select subjects for paintings. I try to have a pleasing composition, an idea and meaning in the subject, and, if there are figures, to have them posed so that they will have the simple naturalness of life as I see it. I avoid sharp, glittering photographs; only those that are mellow and atmospheric are at all suitable for illustration. Then when I get my prints I paint on them with great care, blot out, put in, get all the art and suggestion I can into them. Sometimes I paint over almost the entire surface. Taken all in all, this method of developing life and nature is a very delicate matter; but it seems to me if you go about it in the right way you can get at realities and the heart of things as you can by no other method."

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A little book has come quietly into the book mart during the last few days which, if we mistake not, has some elements of strength and grace and beauty that will gain for it a warm and enduring popularity. *Sir Knight of the*

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Golden Pathway, published by the Messrs. Putnam, is primarily a book for children, but also for all in whom the child survives. There is a profound quietness of thought and an atmosphere of delicate simplicity in this story of a knightly boyhood and a queenly womanhood which are bound to arouse interest in its authorship. One feels that the writer of the story can be no other than "My Lady," who gathers the child "Sir Knight" in the royal robes of a beautiful motherhood. The author of this little book is Mrs. Anna S. P. Duryea, wife of the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and of English and Revolutionary descent. From what we gather of her antecedents, her inheritance of mind and character must have been richly endowed. She has written much that has been read before literary clubs, but this is the first book of hers which she has consented to put into the hands of the general public. It was of her husband, Dr. Duryea, that the London *Graphic* of 1894 said that he was one of the greatest seven preachers in England and America. *Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway* is a book that ought to find a shrine in every home. It strikes a chord in the universal heart, and wherever there has been a little coffin in the house—and whose house has not seen one?—it will bring an evangel of comforting love. Moreover, the seriousness of its convincing truth is clothed with a beauty that must make it shine and live always in the memory. On its artistic side the book is beautifully finished and will make an exquisite gift.

❀

The child in literature has been on the increase lately, judged by the number of books that has been published in the interests of children, for which, presumably, the Kindergarten movement is largely responsible. We have had *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., Her Book and Various Verses*, by William Canton; there is *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame, and but recently we have had *A Child World*, by James Whitcomb Riley, each of which is classic in its real comprehension and imaginative grasp of child life. Then Mrs. Moulton has made a selection from her poems, and has published a book of child verse called *In Childhood's Country*, accompanied with illustrations by Ethel Reed. From the press of Mr. John Lane are promised *The Child World*, by Gabriel Setoun, and also a volume of charming little essays on *The Children* by Alice Meynell. On another page there appears a poem by Mrs. Meynell, which will be included in

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WOODROW WILSON.

a new volume of her poems to be published by Mr. Lane during the spring.

❀

Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, has just issued, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a volume of studies entitled *Mere Literature, and Other Essays*. The first three essays are devoted to the study of literature, the remaining essays treating of historical subjects. But these are no fragmentary papers; a deep unity of purpose and method combines the whole, which might be generalised as a statement of the proper aims of literature and of historical study. Professor Wilson was born at Staunton, Va., in 1856, and graduated from Princeton in 1879. Since 1890 he has occupied the chair of Jurisprudence in that University. The articles on George Washington which have been appearing during the past month from Professor Wilson's historical pen have been gathered in book form and published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. A review of this important work on Washington appears on another page in conjunction with Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *The True George Washington*.

❀

The accompanying portrait of Washington is taken from a miniature by James Sharpless, and was painted for Washington in 1795, just four years before his death. It was presented by him to Nellie (Calvert) Stuart, the widow of John Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son. Her son, in whose presence the sittings were made, often spoke of the likeness as "almost perfect." The following passage, taken from Mr. Ford's *The True George Washington*, is very interesting in connection with this miniature:

"By 1789 he (Washington) was using false teeth, and he lost his last tooth in 1795. At first these substitutes were very badly fitted, and when Stuart painted his famous picture he tried to remedy the malformation they gave the

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From the Sharpless miniature.

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mouth by padding under the lips with cotton. The result was to make bad worse, and to give, in that otherwise fine portrait, a feature at once poor and unlike Washington; and for this reason alone, the Sharpless miniature, which in all else approximates so closely to Stuart's masterpiece, is preferable."

We are indebted to the courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish Mr. Ford's book, for the reproduction of the miniature.

❀

The first instalment of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Story of an Untold Love*, which we were the first to announce

MARGARET OGILVY.

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some months ago, begins in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will be published in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company after its serial issue. By the way, we may say that the article on "James Lane Allen and his Books," to which we referred in our last number as appearing in the December *Atlantic*, did not appear in that number, but is now printed in the January issue. The article was unavoidably held over at the last moment when the *Atlantic* was going to press.

The portrait of Mr. Barrie's mother, which we are permitted to use through the courtesy of the Messrs. Scribner, is taken from a photogravure frontispiece to *Margaret Ogilvy*—"By her son, J. M. Barrie." How much Mr. Barrie owes in his books, "which were written mainly," he says, "to please one woman now dead," to that mother whose image is enshrined in these pages, may be gathered from this little volume. *Margaret Ogilvy* and *A Window in Thrums* must in future go inseparably together. It is, perhaps, the most sacred and intimate portrait drawn from real life to be found in all literature.

❀

Sentimental Tommy will have a sequel in due time, but it is probable that Mr. Barrie will write another and shorter work in the interval, in which he will enter a new field. Whatever he writes will first appear in *Scribner's Magazine*.

❀

At first *Sentimental Tommy* went off rather slowly in England, but, by the end of November it was selling at the rate of four hundred copies a day. Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle* is also going remarkably well on the other side, the first edition of two thousand copies having been sold out within a few weeks.

❀

Titles are very often misleading. At first glance we consigned a beautiful little book with a richly ornate cover, entitled *The Shadow Christ*, by Gerald Stanley Lee, to our theological shelf, but upon examining its contents found that it was as much out of place in a merely theological atmosphere as Browning's *Saul* would be in a scientific one. The book is a deliberate attempt at a poet's interpretation of the Hebrews and their literature, and is very far from being a theological work in the ordinary sense, either in manner or motive. It is published by the Century Company.

❀

As Mr. Zangwill's volume, *Without Prejudice*, comes from the same press, he lays down the wand which has for so long charmed us in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine* under that title, and it is taken up by Mr. Quiller-Couch, who will dur-

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ing the year continue to pass in review the *Pall Mall's* panorama of contemporary art and letters, as seen "From a Cornish Window." This will give Mr. Quiller Couch a wider audience, at least in America, than he formerly had when he occupied with distinction the same department in the *Speaker*. The best fruit of these *causeries*, it will be remembered, was gathered in a volume entitled *Adventures in Criticism*, published some months ago by the Messrs. Scribner. We welcome "Q" to the succession of Mr. Zangwill, but please, Mr. A. T. Q. C., we are getting impatient for that great novel. A review of *Without Prejudice* and a new portrait of Mr. Zangwill will appear in our next issue.

❀

Among the promised attractions for 1897 which the *Pall Mall Magazine* offers is one that will arouse interest. It is the serial publication of Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Mr. Hope's *Phroso*, which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* during 1896, will be issued early in January by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. We believe that its popularity will not be far short of that which *The Prisoner of Zenda* has evoked. We understand that this romantic story has also been dramatised by Mr. Hope in collaboration with Mr. Edward Rose.

❀

Messrs. Scribner have already begun the press-work of the sumptuous new subscription edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works, which they recently contracted with the author to produce early this year. For the purposes of this edition Mr. Kipling has entirely rearranged his stories, and among other changes, "In the Rukh" will be placed in its proper position at the end of *The Second Jungle Book*. We hear that Messrs. Scribner propose to call the edition "The Outward Bound." The paper on which the books are to be printed will all be watermarked with Mr. Kidling's initials.

❀

A correspondent suggests, in reference to our quotation from the London *Literary World* in the November BOOKMAN regarding the title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, that it is more than likely that the poet took the title from the splendid line of his own poem,

> "For the world is wondrous large, seven seas from marge to marge."

❀

The test of the great artist is his power to deal with quiet life in the sober daylight. It may be unfair to say that Mr. Kipling is at home only in one dirty corner of India; that whenever he turns his lantern on a virtue he makes respectfully off, and that his only hero so far is the devil. But it is true that in his hotly glowing pictures we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies. Mr. Kipling has unbounded faith in dynamite, but none in leaven. He cannot work without the electric light; with still life Mr. Kipling can do nothing. He has nothing of the calm copiousness of the masters. Always afraid of losing the attention of his readers, he never dares to be quiet; that he sensitively appreciates the use of words is undeniable. We should almost say that he is as great a man in invective in English as Lamennais was in French. But he cannot tread softly the paths that lead up to the inner chamber of the mind, for he does not know them. Nor does he ever stand behind his effects. In the highest style of power the personality sinks and fades. Mr. Kipling signs his story top and bottom and all through. There is an unending sparkle and crackle through his pages. Sir Walter Scott's great passages rise from the level as noiselessly as a mountain.

❀

Mr. Kipling's poetry, which is in some ways more remarkable even than his prose, bears out this view. Without sincerity, tenderness, and self-control the great effects of the poet cannot be produced. Mr. Kipling amazes us often by his strength and brilliance. Some of the snatches prefixed to his stories seem to put him at the head of living singers, and yet we stand in doubt. He never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses written for a wholly different purpose to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law. He is loud, but is he sincere? He makes a hit occasionally, but never

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without making many misses. It is, on the whole, brass band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome. In venturing upon these criticisms we would hasten to add that we do not underestimate his powers; there is no man living who has shown himself possessed of more varied and splendid force. There is always hope for a morning of high passion, and Mr. Kipling may do anything if he finds at last that romance does not vanish when the air is mild and clear and the colour of life is low. As yet he gives the impression of one who has not yet found himself, who is feeling for the spring which, when touched, will disclose the hidden secret of his nature. Our hope for his art is that he may enter the open gate of that region where men learn to think truly of conscience, humility, and death.

❀

One of the few good stories which deserve to survive the fluctuation after Christmas tide is Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Wheels of Chance*, published by the Macmillan Company. From the outset Mr. Wells has brought to his work a freshness of feeling and sense of wonder which have touched his strange imaginings with novelty and romance. But heretofore the fantastic, the grotesque, the remote have claimed his attention. It is otherwise in *The Wheels of Chance*. For the first time he has sought an adventure, not in other worlds, but in his own, and within the radius of his own vision and experience. The result is a blending of ideality and nature, which is pleasing, entertaining, refreshing in its revelation. What he has done is to take a bit of commonplace humanity and turn on its seemingly contemptible and unheroic proportions the cathode rays of an illuminating imagination, lighting up the hidden and undreamed-of beauty that lurks in the heart of even "a mere counter jumper, a cad on castors, and a fool to boot." But this is not all. Mr. Wells lets the searching satire of his almost extravagant fancy play about a variety of characters who in turn charm and delight us. If Mr. Wells can develop this vein and strengthen his grasp of creation he will enter the field of fiction to stay. We gave a short account of Mr. Wells's career in THE BOOKMAN last June.

❀

Mr. H. G. Wells was among the guests of the members present at the

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COVENTRY PATMORE.

gay and distinguished gathering of the Omar Kháyyám Club, held in London at the end of November. The toast of the health of these guests was very humorously responded to by Mr. Comyns Carr and by Dr. Conan Doyle, who told an old story of Robert Louis Stevenson, though it has been reported as new. Mr. Stevenson asked Dr. Doyle to visit him in Samoa, and being asked how one got there, replied, "You go to America, cross the Continent to San Francisco, and then it is the second turning to the left." This was the first meeting of the Club under its new president and vice president, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Henry Norman. Mr. L. F. Austin, whose collected chats under the title *At Random* is published here by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company, was the poet of the evening, and concluded with this Omarian sentiment :

"*Shapes of all sorts and sizes*, still we play
With zest our little masquerade in clay ;
And, as we crumble, cry the Potter quits ;
For fellowship makes merry with Decay."

❀

In view of the recent death of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which took place on November 26th, in his seventy-third year, the following letter of apology, addressed to Mr. Gosse on the occasion of the reunion of the Club, will be read with more than usual interest because of the personality and views of the aged poet.

"It is a great disappointment to me to miss doing honour to FitzGerald and Omar Kháyyám, whom I admire greatly. If I had been with you, while I feasted with you I should have sought to remind you that nearly all Eastern poetry is more or less mystical and ascetic ; and that wine, love, and liberty, even in this poem, seem to be words for spiritual passions. But I should have delighted, with you, in all that Omar says about what concerns Priests and formal religion. All Poets and Prophets have hated Priests—as a class—and it has been their vocation from the beginning to expose 'ecclesiasticism.'"

❀

The late Coventry Patmore's name will always be more closely associated with his popular domestic epic, *The Angel in the House*, than with any other of his books. In spite of cheap editions, *The Angel in the House* must still be classed among old-fashioned heroines. In days when huge crinolines disfigured the English girls and hansom cabs were thought very improper for ladies' use, when woman's suffrage was only whispered about by a few philosophers, and when many bright eyes were dimmed by crying over Martin Tupper's pathetic platitudes, a young lady's library was not complete without *The Angel in the House*. Comparatively few of the present generation have read this book, but they have seen the volume perhaps in their mother's boudoir, and they have heard enough of its holy repute to fill some interest in the woman who inspired them. Emily Augusta Andrews

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

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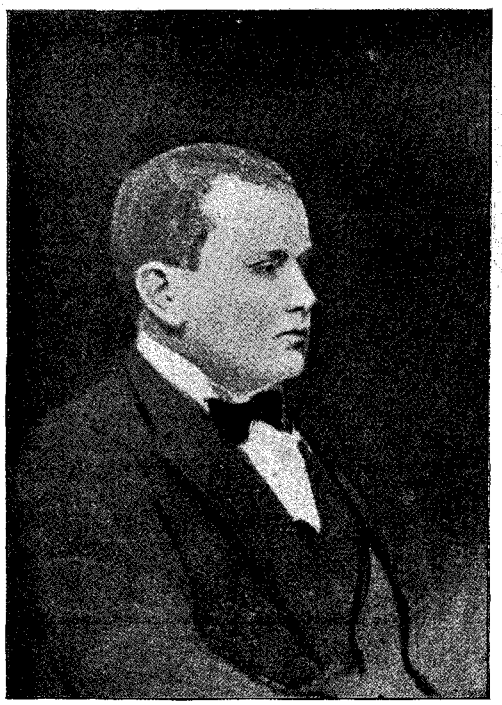
—the "angel in the house"—was born on February 29th, 1824, and was married to Coventry Patmore on September 11th, 1847. Herself a woman of literary and artistic sympathies, she was accustomed to visit and receive some of



G. S. STREET.

the most interesting men and women of the day. Thackeray, Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Mulock, and many more were intimately known to her and were attracted by her sympathetic nature. Others, such as Cardinal Manning and Aubrey De Vere, she knew as her husband's friends, but she could not approve their influence. In her sturdy Protestantism she was like Lucy Snowe in *Villette*, and made no secret of her opinions. Among her simple pleasures the growing popularity of these old friends was one of the most valued. It was not until after her death that her husband and children entered the Roman Catholic Church. She died in 1862.

❀

A discussion has been going on in England among the admirers of Charles Lamb over the proper pronunciation of "Elia." It was generally agreed that the accepted pronunciation which makes the word rhyme with "Delia" is wrong; but various opinions were put forward as to how Lamb himself pronounced it. One person asserted that the name is only a by-form of the scriptural name "Elias," and should therefore be sounded "Elia." A letter of Lamb's written July 30th, 1821, was finally exhumed, in which the pronunciation is by him figured as "Ellia," the name having been borrowed by him from a fellow-clerk, an Italian, at the South Sea House. But the world will doubtless still go on making it rhyme with "Delia."

❀

Mr. G. S. Street, whose portrait, reproduced from *The Yellow Book*, we give on this page, is one of quite a considerable group of writers in London whose early work was first published in the *National Observer*, when that journal was under the editorship of Mr. W. E. Henley. Mr. Street's first book was *Miniatures and Moods*, a little volume of essays reprinted principally from the *National Observer*. This was very shortly followed by *The Autobiography of a Boy*, which was immediately successful, and probably received more unanimous praise than any book by a new writer published during recent years. Mr. Street has since published *Episodes*, a volume of short stories, and *Quales Ego*, another volume of essays. His first long novel, *The Wise and the Wayward*, just issued by Mr. John Lane, is reviewed in another column.

❀

In connection with this, it is interesting to notice the number of books which have been made up of papers collected from the *National Observer*. To mention only a few, there are Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age*, H. B. Marriott Watson's *Diogenes in London*, Harold Frederic's *Mrs. Albert Grundy*, H. D. Lowry's *Prisoners of the Earth*, and Mr. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets*.

❀

Mr. Morrison's new book, *The Child of the Jago*, has just been published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company. The Old Jago is Bethnal Green way, an Alsatia of ruffianism and depravity, the like of which is unknown to English

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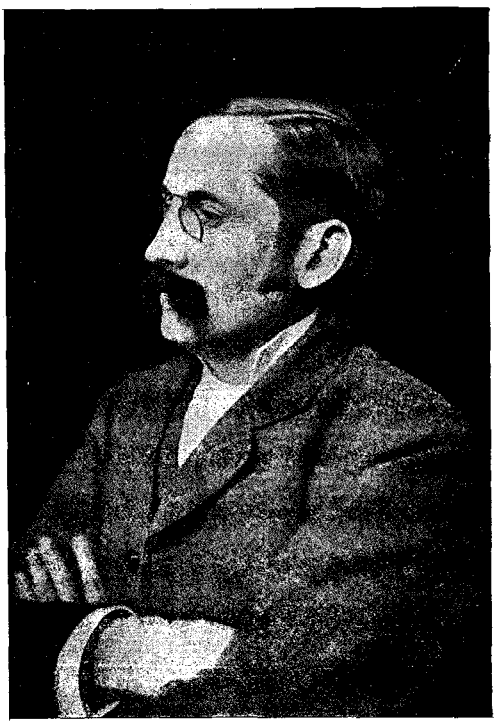
fiction. When the story was running in the *New Review* Mr. L. F. Austin hazarded the opinion that it was a far more terribly faithful picture of hopeless poverty, misery, and crime than *Oliver Twist*. "Dickens, in his studies of the criminal classes," says Mr. Austin, "had an eye on the sentimentalists who believe that a word in season must always turn the vicious to the strait and narrow path. To such readers Nancy was the sop to reconcile them to Bill Sikes. Dramatically that is a good contrast; fundamentally it strikes me as a pale masquerade beside Mr. Morrison's tragedy. Nothing could be better than the description of Josh Perrott's confused sensations at the trial; his answer to the judge's formal question whether he has anything to say before sentence of death is passed, 'No, sir—I done it. On'y 'e was a worse man than me!' is quite a masterpiece of truth and simplicity. It is all horrible and repulsive, no doubt, but that it belongs to a high order of art seems most manifest."

❀

If all the reading world is busy just now with that fascinating boy whom his familiar friends call "Sentimental Tommy," here is another boy, "Dicky Perrott," the hero of Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago*, between whom and Tommy there is nothing in common except their bondage to the East End Inferno of London, brief in Tommy's case. But never has childhood under a social curse been drawn with such poignant tenderness and beauty as Mr. Morrison has done in Dicky. The passion and the sorrow of his story are the vindication of Mr. Morrison's art, for in this tale of Dicky Perrott he has focussed all the human elements of a problem which mocks at philanthropy and puts our statesmanship to shame.

❀

Why do the revered English, whenever they wish to poke fun at Americans, harp upon our practice of expressing the second Christian name by its initial letter? This is especially true of the novelists from Thackeray down (very far down) to W. Pett Ridge and Marie Corelli. Thus Trollope in *The Way We Live Now* must dwell upon the fact that his strong-minded American lecturer is named "Olivia Q. Fleabody," and Ouida in *Moths* gives us an allusion to "Anastasia W. Crash" as a typical American title-hunter. Readers of Mr. Henry James (whose point of view is, of course, English) will remember that the immortal Daisy's name was "Annie



ARTHUR MORRISON.

P. Miller." One would suppose from the British mirth over it, that this usage in nomenclature is wholly American; but as a matter of fact it is about as common in England as here. We have on our desk at this moment two stray numbers of the *Saturday Review*, the most hide-bound and intolerantly English of all the British journals, and we turn over the pages casually. Here is a letter to the editor signed "Louis N. Parker;" here is also a special article from "Albert D. Vandam." Still another, on William Morris, is signed "Herbert P. Horne;" and a note on ethics is by "Charles F. D'Arcy." In the same number are advertisements of English books by "Dorothy C. Nicholl," "Robert H. Case," "Walter B. Harris," "Sydney C. Grier," "Aubrey L. Moore," "Rosa N. Carey," all of them *sic*. The most popular English

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novelist among certain classes of his countrymen to-day is universally spoken and written of as "Silas K. Hocking," a name that connotes all the traditional attributes of the *Américain pour rire.* The fact is that we find in all this a very characteristic British trait, a fatuous criticism of others for a usage that originated and is perpetuated among themselves. Truly the British beam is very small indeed and the American mote enormous—to a Briton!

❀

In the November number of THE BOOKMAN we congratulated the Boston Library on the independence and good taste of its Committee in rejecting the MacMonnies Bacchante. We then said:

"For our part, we think that the action of the Committee in rejecting it was not only justifiable, but deserving of the highest possible commendation. The artistic merits of the statue do not enter into the question at all. A public library is supposed to stand for the intellectual elevation of the community at large, and to be a purifying and inspiring influence. Hence we fail to see the appropriateness of giving place within its walls to a work of art, however meritorious, whose subject and associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. It would be little more out of place in the vestibule of a church. We congratulate Boston upon the possession of a body of cultivated men who with so much courage and good taste are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition."

Since this appeared, the Committee has reconsidered its action and accepted the statue. We must, therefore, in our turn, reconsider our remarks. It is clear that it is entirely appropriate to set up in a great public library a work of art which suggests drunkenness and lust. It is clear also that Boston does not possess, in its Library Committee at least, a body of cultivated men who are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition.

❀

Mrs. Burton Harrison is to contribute some time during the year several papers to the *Century Magazine* on certain aspects of Russian life. Mrs. Harrison was in Russia last summer, and enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying the higher social side of Russian life at the capital, and her papers will be looked forward to with a degree of interest.

A good deal has been said and written about the late William Morris and his works during the past few months, but so far as we are aware no mention has been made of the fact that it was to the fostering enterprise of the old established firm of Messrs. Roberts Brothers that William Morris was introduced to American readers. As far back as 1867 they published by arrangement with the author *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in 1868 *The Earthly Paradise*, and nearly all the other books of Morris have been published by them since then. A review of his posthumous work just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, *The Well at the World's End*, from the pen of the young Celtic poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, appears on another page.

❀

We are in receipt of the following:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I am writing a book on the *Life and Works of Thomas Taylor the Platonist*, which I want to make as exhaustive as practicable. The favour of any information about Taylor's life or writings, the names and addresses of any of his descendants, or inedited letters and manuscripts, by him, will be most heartily appreciated. I am especially desirous to borrow or purchase copies of *A New System of Religion*, Amsterdam, 1789, and *The Spirit of all Religions*, Amsterdam, 1790, which are said to be by Taylor. These titles, perhaps, represent only one book.

THOMAS M. JOHNSON.
(Formerly editor of *The Platonist.*)
OSCEOLA, MO., November 16, 1896.

❀

In the series of Contemporary Essayists now appearing from the press of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers (though they have not yet formally so styled it), the third volume will be from the pen of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the fourth by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the fifth, curiously enough, by Mark Twain. Mark Twain as an essayist at first rather excites a feeling of wonder; but running over some of his more serious work, it will readily appear that he is not only an essayist, but a very good one, too. Anyhow, his book will speak for itself and for him. The sixth volume will be from the pen of Professor Harry Thurston Peck. The two already published in this series are Mr. Brander Matthews's *Aspects of Fiction* and Mr. Howells's *Impressions and Opinions.*

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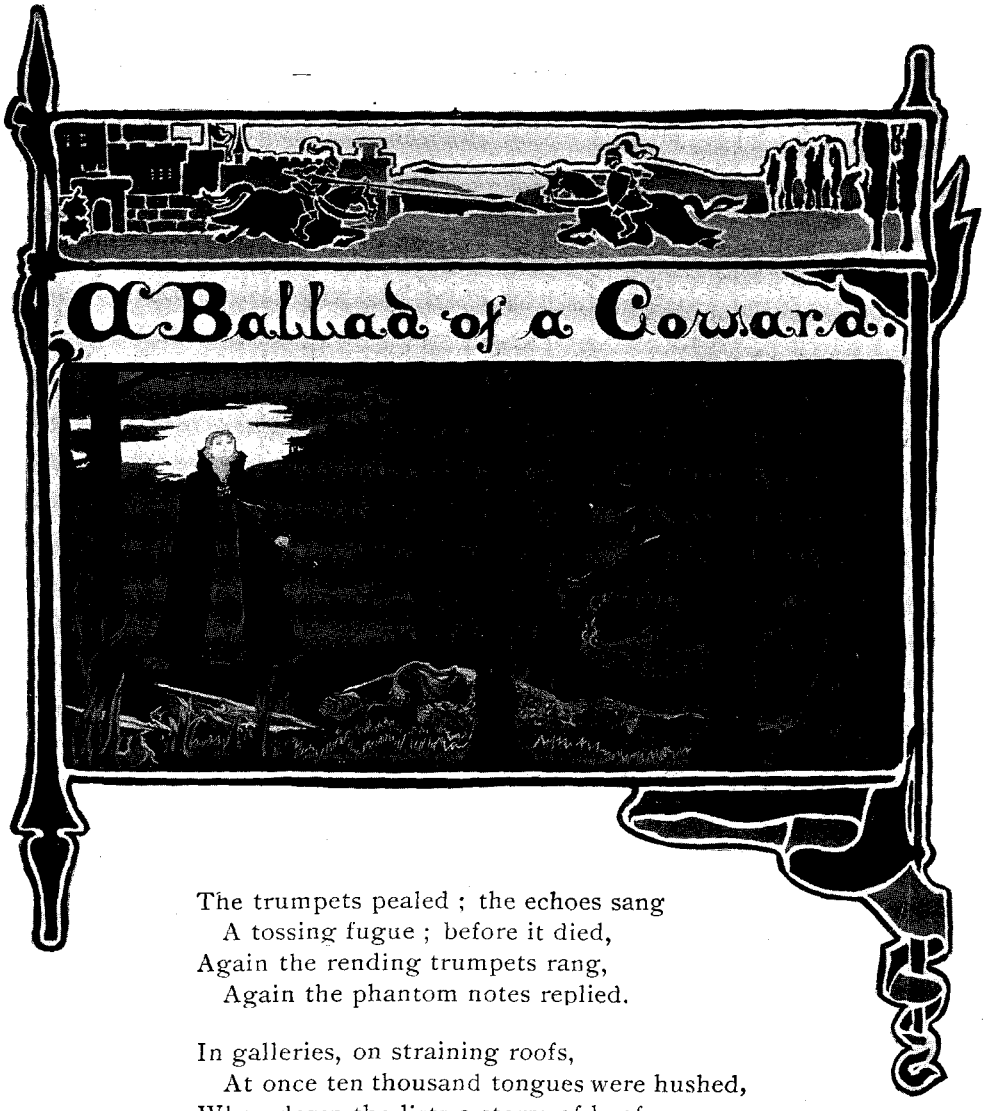

A Ballad of a Coward.

The trumpets pealed ; the echoes sang
A tossing fugue ; before it died,
Again the rending trumpets rang,
Again the phantom notes replied.

In galleries, on straining roofs,
At once ten thousand tongues were hushed,
When down the lists a storm of hoofs,
From either border thundering rushed.

But one whose arms were chased and set
With gold and gems, in fear withdrew
Before the fronts of tourney met,
Before the spears in splinters flew.

He reached the wilds. He cast away
His lance and shield and arms of price ;
He turned his charger loose, and lay
Face-downward in his cowardice.

His wife had seen the recreant fly :
She followed, found, and called his name.
" Sweetheart, I will not have you die :
My love," she said, " can heal your shame."

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Not long his vanity withstood
Her gentleness: he left his soul
To her; and her solicitude,
He, being a coward, made him whole.

Yet was he blessed in heart and head;
Forgiving; of his riches free:
Wise was he, too, and deeply read,
And ruled his earldom righteously.

A war broke out. With fateful speed
The foe, eluding watch and ward,
Conquered; and none was left to lead
The land, save this faint-hearted lord.

"Here is no shallow tournament,
No soulless, artificial fight:
Courageously, in deep content,
I go to combat for the right."

The hosts encountered: trumpets spoke;
Drums called aloud; the air was torn
With cannon, light by stifling smoke
Estopped, and shrieking battle born.

But he? He was not in the van!
The vision of his child and wife?
Even that deserted him. He ran—
The coward ran to save his life.

The lowliest men would sooner face
A thousand dreadful deaths, than come
Before their loved ones in disgrace;
Yet this sad coward hurried home:

For, as he fled, his cunning heart
Declared he might be happy yet
In some retreat where Love and Art
Should swathe his soul against regret.

"My wife! my son! For their dear sakes,"
He thought, "I save myself by flight."
He reached his place. "What comet shakes
Its baleful tresses on the night

Above my towers?" Alas, the foe
Had been before with sword and fire!
His loved ones in their blood lay low:
Their dwelling was their funeral pyre.

Then he betook him to a hill
Which in his happy times had been
His silent friend, meaning to kill
Himself upon its bosom green.

But an old mood at every tread
Awoke; and with assured device

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The wretched coward's cunning head
Distilled it into cowardice.

" A snowy owl on silent wings
Sweeps by ; and ah ! I know the tune
The wayward night-wind sweetly sings
And dreaming birds in coverts croon.

" The cocks their muffled catches crow ;
The river ripples dark and bright ;
I hear the pastured oxen low,
And the whole rumour of the night.

" The moon comes from the wind-swept hearth
Of heaven ; the stars beside her soar ;
The seas and harvests of the earth
About her shadowy footsteps pour.

" But though remembrances, all wet
With happy tears, their tendrils coil
Close round my heart ; though I be set
And rooted in the ruddy soil,

" My pulses with the planets leap ;
The veil is rent before my face ;
My aching nerves are mortised deep
In furthest cavities of space ;

" Through the pervading ether speed
My thoughts that now the stars rehearse ;
And should I take my life, the deed
Would disarray the universe."

Gross cowardice ! Hope, while we breathe,
Can make the meanest prize his breath,
And still with starry garlands wreathe
The nakedness of life and death.

He wandered vaguely for a while ;
Then thought at last to hide his shame
And self-contempt far in an isle
Among the outer deeps ; but came,

Even there, upon a seaboard dim,
Where like the slowly ebbing tide
That weltered on the ocean's rim
With sanguine hues of sunset dyed,

The war still lingered. Suddenly,
Ere he could run, the ruddy foam
Of battle burst about him : he,
Scarce knowing what he did, struck home,

As those he helped began to fly,
Bidding him follow. " Nay," he said ;
" Nay ; I die fighting—even I !"
And happy and amazed fell dead.

John Davidson.

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FREDERICK SAUNDERS OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

Reminiscences of the Oldest American Librarian.

Yours very truly
F. Saunders.

Frederick Saunders, who has just retired from the Astor Library, New York, is the oldest librarian in this country. He was born in London, England, in 1807, and is consequently ninety years of age; but he is blessed with a good constitution, and so well has he cared for his health that he does not appear to be over sixty-five years of age. Up to his retirement he attended to his duties at the Library every day, and would talk interestingly about the famous literary men whom he has met during his long life. His father was the senior member of the London publishing house of Saunders and Otley, and he has been connected with the Astor Library since 1859, when he was made assistant librarian on the personal recommendation of his friend, Washington Irving, whose acquaintance he had made while acting as clerk for George P. Putnam, the publisher.

The first attempt in the United States to secure international copyright was made through Frederick Saunders in 1836. The effort was inspired by N. P. Willis, the American author, and by the senior member of the firm of Saunders and Otley, the father of Mr. Saunders.

"My father's firm," said Mr. Saunders, in telling me the story, "determined to test the supposed protective value of the power of attorney, and sent me to New York, armed with such a legal document, to represent their literary property. Their plan was to open a branch establishment in New York for the protection merely of their own works; but their rights were not respected by other publishers, and the attempt had to be abandoned. A number of British authors had become interested in the movement to secure international copyright to protect the work of their brains, which was being appropriated right and left by the American publishers. They presented several petitions to Congress, the most important one being sent through Captain Wilkes (of the United States Exploring Expedition) to Henry Clay. I had the honour of receiving an autograph letter from Mr. Clay, acknowledging the receipt of the petition, and expressing his wish that it might be successful.

"This important phase of the copyright question has been barely referred to in the history of the efforts to secure international copyright two or three years ago. The petition was signed by many writers who have secured a permanent place in literature. It was prepared by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and by them given to Captain Wilkes to bring to this country.

"The petition set forth that the works of British authors were being appropriated by American booksellers, and were liable to be published in a mutilated

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form in order to satisfy the prejudices of American purchasers; that American authors were injured by the non-existence of an international copyright law, etc. The petitioners cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, whose works had been read (mark the geographical limitations of that day) from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and yet he had received no remuneration from the American public for his labours. The following names were signed to the petition: Thomas Moore, Isaac Disraeli, Benjamin Disraeli, Amelia Opie, Thomas Campbell, Charles Lyell, Harriet Martineau, Mary Somerville, Henry H. Milman, Peter Mack Roger, M.D., Maria Edgeworth, J. Bostock, M.D., Henry Hallam, T. N. Talfourd, M.P., Edmund Lodge, Edward Leighton, Charles MacFarland, William Kirby, Thomas Carlyle, J. S. H. Pardoe, J. S. Grimshawe, Charles White, Henry Lytton Bulwer, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Chalmers, Charles Bell, J. C. Loudon, Anne Marsh, Thomas Keightly, William Howell, S. C. Hall, Anne Maria Hall, J. Montgomery, Joanna Baillie, M. M. Mitford, Allan Cunningham, Charles Babbage, L. Bonaparte, G. P. R. James, William Buckland, Grenville T. Temple, William Prout, M.D., Maria Callcott, G. Griffin, Henry F. Chorley, W. Whewell, Edward Tagart, F.G.S., C. E. Stuart-Wortley, Robert Murchison, the Rev. Professor Vaughan, D.D., of Glasgow, the Rev. G. Skinner, of Cambridge University, England, and Robert Southey.

"Between 1836 and 1838 several other petitions were made to Congress pleading for the measure, signed by leading American writers, with Washington Irving at their head. English books at this time were in great demand, because they cost nothing to the publishers. The English publishers reproduced the works of our best American authors, who were also losers under this condition of affairs. Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Motley, Emerson, Willis, Simms, Lieber, Park Benjamin, Godwin, and Horace Greeley were all strongly in favour of an international copyright.

"The petition of the British authors above referred to was presented to Congress in February, 1837, by Henry Clay, and referred to a select committee whose members were Clay, Webster, Buchanan, Preston, and Ewing. The committee reported favourably: 'That authors and inventors have,' they said, 'according to the practice of civilised nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontrovertible; and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be sovereign wherever this property is situated. . . . We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least innovation of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, while those rights that justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the law.'

"No action was taken on this report. After a long struggle with the opposition, and the expenditure of considerable money on the part of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, the effort to secure international copyright was abandoned.

"Washington Irving, whom I knew well, having often met him at Putnam's and the Astor Library, was a man of most kindly disposition. He was a great friend of Mr. Astor; and he and Dr. Coggeswell, when Mr. Astor desired to render some benefit to the city of New York, probably influenced him to found a library. He remained a bachelor because the young woman to whom he was engaged—Miss Hoffman, the daughter of Judge Hoffman—died just before the date appointed for the marriage. Irving was an unusually good-hearted man. He once saw a boy in his orchard at Sunnyside trying to steal apples. Instead of running out and reprimanding him, he went over to him, saying, 'Here, my boy, you like apples; let me show you where there are some good ones,' and he led the way to one of the choicest trees. Once, when riding on the Hudson River Railway on his way home, he sat near an Irish woman who had two noisy children. Taking one of them in his arms, he soon succeeded in quieting it. In fact, he was so successful that when he left the car and the woman thanked him, she remarked that he must be a good father. She was greatly sur-

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prised to hear him respond, 'I am, unfortunately, an old bachelor.'

"Before he wrote the sketch of Rip Van Winkle he had never visited the part of the Catskills where Rip was supposed to live. Some time after the publication of the article he took a stroll through the neighbourhood. A guide whom he met there solemnly pointed out the spot where the bibulous Dutchman took his long nap, and also showed him Rip's home in a ravine, over the entrance to which was a rude illustration of Rip as he awoke from his long sleep. Irving listened silently, and, it may be imagined, with considerable feelings of surprise, to the remarks of the guide; and was pleased to find that his imaginary sketch had been taken for fact.

"I recall one story he used to tell about his travels abroad. He was visiting the Court of St. James's, where only the most distinguished persons are ever presented. In some way or other Mr. Delavan, who kept the Delavan House in Albany, and who was a well-known representative of the temperance cause at that time, had managed, in some strategetic manner, to obtain an entrance to the reception. George IV. was the reigning sovereign; when 'Mr. Delavan of New York,' was announced, the king turned on his heel, swinging himself around so that he could face the Lord in Waiting, and inquired in a loud tone of voice, 'And who is Mr. Delavan of New York?' The gentleman referred to was one of the sort not easily abashed, and the leading question did not (so Irving used to say) seem to hurt his feelings; but the other American members of the party were somewhat nervous lest they should be asked to give some account of themselves.

"Irving was quite a diffident man, though he could be very sociable among his intimate friends. At the dinner given to Charles Dickens he was to have made the speech of welcome, but broke down completely after he had uttered only a few words. I do not think that even Dickens ever did himself justice when he read selections from his books. He was really an inferior speaker; but you cannot find all the gifts embodied in one man.

"Irving was a great personal favourite with English authors. He sent a copy of his *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York* to Sir Walter Scott. The famous novelist wrote him a letter, in which he said that the book had given him an uncommon degree of entertainment, though he admitted that, as a stranger to American politics, he must lose much of the lurking satire of the piece.

"There is one episode connected with my acquaintance with Irving which is peculiarly pleasing, and I only refer to it to show how gracefully he could write a note of acknowledgment, a species of composition which is too uncommon at the present time. About forty years ago I wrote a book called *Salad for the Solitary*. It was a chatty, gossipy book, and full of quotations and illustrations from favourite authors. I sent a copy of this book to Mr. Irving. In acknowledging its receipt, he said, 'I give you my hearty thanks for a salad which is peculiarly to my taste, and which I have relished with something of the curious palate of a literary epicure. I am happy to see that the work meets with general acceptance. I trust its success will encourage you to pursue a line of authorship full of enjoyment in itself and fertile in innocent delight to others. Works of this kind, while they call up pleasant recollections to old stagers like myself, are full of suggestions to young minds, and stimulate them to explore the literary regions of which such tempting glimpses are given them.'

"In those early days of American literature authors were very poorly paid, and many of them were glad to have their productions printed simply for the honour and pleasure of appearing in print. N. P. Willis was one of the best-known writers of that period, but he received comparatively little for the work he did, and what he did get he soon spent. While he was in London he lived the life of a man of fashion. Many a time I have seen him drive up to my father's publishing house in a cab, which was considered quite an extravagance, certainly for an author, in those days. He was often in the company of some sprig of the nobility with whom he was going to dine. He was a handsome man, and found no difficulty in getting into society and becoming a diner-out. But the descriptions he afterwards wrote in his newspaper, the New York *Home Journal*, of the people he had met caused a great deal of ill feeling, and he was looked upon as a man who had betrayed

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his friends. Speaking of Madame Anna Bishop, for instance, he said 'she ought to be called Lady Bishop, because her husband is a knight. How she comes to be away from Sir Henry and under the charge of an old gentleman of sixty, who weighs 300 pounds, and who plays the harp divinely, it is each subscriber's business to guess for himself.'

"My experiences in the Astor Library have been interesting. I have seen there some of the unknown curiosities of genius, people whom we did not want to send away, but who were not exactly the type of students we cared to cultivate. I recall particularly one frowsy visitor, a Portuguese, who for three or four years daily came to the Library and always called for the works of Lope de Vega. He would often walk up and down the middle of the hall, gesticulating wildly the meanwhile, simply for the purpose of attracting attention to himself. He never seemed to read the books with much attention, but did a great deal of scribbling on small bits of paper. He was an exile from his country, or away from it for some mysterious reason. Finally, when he was to leave the United States, he came up to see us, and, speaking as any gentleman might speak, said, 'I want to thank you for the kindness and courtesy with which you have treated me since I have been coming to your library. I am now taking my leave of you.' He left, and we never saw him again.

"I have met and assisted in entertaining many distinguished persons who have visited the Library while travelling in this country. I recall the Prince of Wales and his suite, to whom a private reception was tendered by the Astor family; Prince Napoleon, who bore so close a resemblance to the great Emperor; the Japanese commissioners, who were surprised and delighted at having books shown them containing portraits of some of their distinguished men; the Chinese ambassadors, who made it evident that they were men of refinement and culture; and Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, who was much interested in popular education. All the leading literary men of this country have been frequent visitors in their time: Irving, Bancroft, Everett, Fitz-Greene Halleck, S. F. B. Morse, Longfellow, Emerson, Saxe, Willis, Holmes, Motley, Hawthorne, Greeley, Sparks, and (from England) Dean Stanley, Thackeray, G. P. R. James, Dickens, and Cobden. Charles Sumner wrote to Theodore Parker: 'I range daily in the shelves of the Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a Decameron.'"

George J. Manson.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.*

IN ANSWER TO HIS SONNET "ON READING 'THE PURPLE EAST.'"

Idle the churlish leagues 'twixt you and me,
Singer most rich in charm, most rich in grace!
What though I cannot see you face to face?
Allow my boast, that one in blood are we!
One by that secret consanguinity
Which binds the children of melodious race,
And knows not the fortuities of place,
And cold interposition of the sea.
You are my noble kinsman in the lyre:
Forgive the kinsman's freedom that I use,
Adventuring these imperfect thanks, who late,
Singing a nation's woe, in wonder and ire,—
Against me half the wise and all the great,—
Sang not alone, for with me was your muse.

William Watson.

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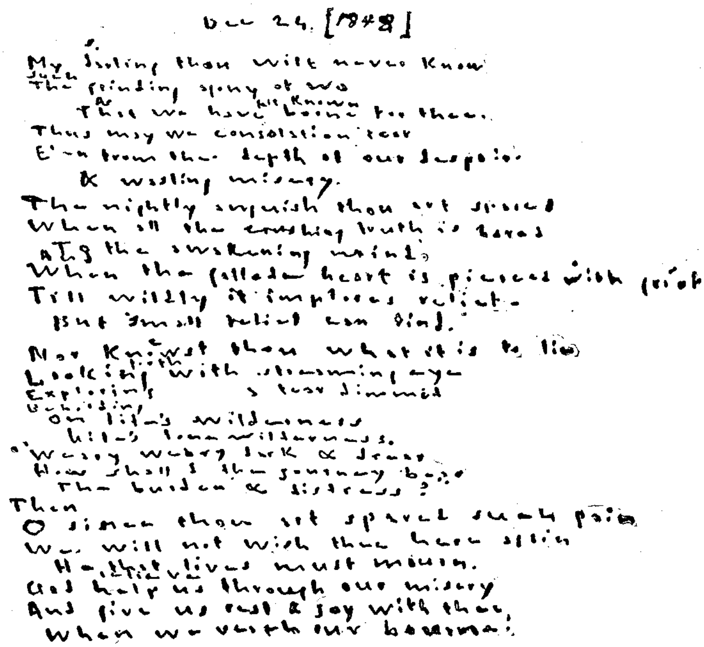
POEMS BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË

ON THE DEATHS OF HER SISTERS EMILY AND ANNE.

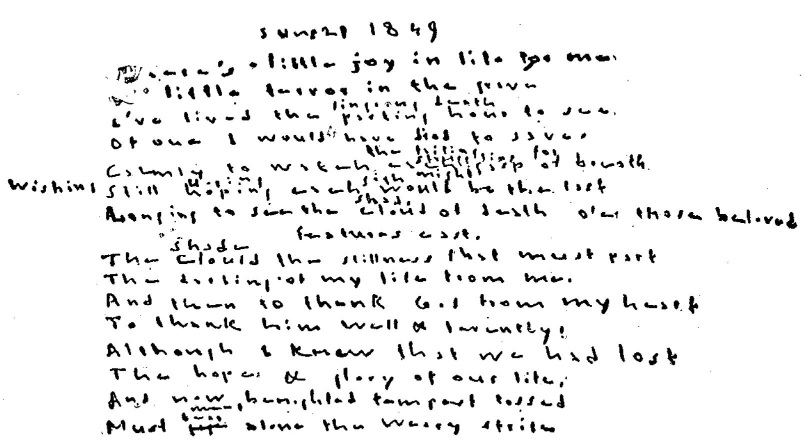
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

The following poems, written by Charlotte Brontë after the deaths of her sisters Emily and Anne, have been found among the manuscripts recently in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, Charlotte Brontë's husband.

FAC-SIMILES OF THE POEMS.


Dec 24. [1848]

My darling thou wilt never know
The grinding agony of woe
That we have borne for thee.
Thus may we consolation tear
E'en from the depth of our despair
& wasting misery.
The nightly anguish thou art spared
When all the crushing truth is bared
To the awakening mind,
When the galled heart is pierced with grief
Till wildly it implores relief
But small relief can find.
Nor knowst thou what it is to lie
Looking with streaming eye
On life's wilderness
"Weary weary dark & drear
How shall I the journey bear
The burden & distress?"
O since thou art spared such pain
We will not wish thee here again
He that lives must mourn.
God help us through our misery
And give us rest & joy with thee,
When we reach our bourne!


June 21 1849

There's little joy in life for me
And little terror in the grave
I've lived the parting hour to see
Of one I would have died to save.
Calmly to watch the failing breath
Wishing
Still hoping each would be the last
Longing to see the cloud of death o'er those beloved features cast.
The cloud the stillness that must part
The darling of my life from me.
And then to thank God from my heart
To thank him well & fervently!
Although I knew that we had lost
The hope & glory of our life;
And now, benighted, tempest tossed
Must bear alone the weary strife

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EMILY.

My darling, thou wilt never know
The[1] grinding agony of wo
  That[2] we have borne[3] for thee.
Thus may we consolation tear
E'en from the depth of our despair
  And wasting misery.

The nightly anguish thou art spared
When all the crushing truth is bared
  To the awakening mind,
When[4] the galled heart is pierced with grief,
Till wildly it implores relief,
  But small relief can find.

Nor know'st thou what it is to lie
Looking[5] forth with streaming[6] eye
  On life's lone wilderness.[7]
"Weary, weary, dark and drear,
How shall I the journey bear,
  The burden and distress?"

O[8] since thou art spared such pain,
We will not wish thee here again,
  He that lives must mourn.
God help[9] us through our misery,
And give us rest and joy with thee
  When we reach our bourne!

December 24, 1848.

Alternative readings: [1]such; [2]as; [3]felt, known; [4]and; [5]exploring, beholding; [6]tear-dimmed; [7]life's wilderness; [8]then; [9]relieve.

ANNE.

There's little joy in life for me,
  And little terror in the grave;
I've lived the ling'ring death[1] to see
  Of one I would have died to save.

Calmly to watch the failing[2] breath,
  Still hoping[3] each would[4] be the last;
Longing to see the cloud[5] of death
  O'er those beloved features cast.

The cloud,[6] the stillness that must part
  The darling of my life from me.
And then to thank God from my heart,
  To thank him well and fervently!

Although I knew that we had lost
  The hope and glory of our life,
And now benighted, tempest-tossed,
  Must bear[7] alone the weary strife.

June 21, 1849.

Alternative readings: [1]parting hour; [2]struggling, gasp for, gasp of; [3]wishing; [4]sigh might; [5]shade; [6]shade; [7]weep.

AN ESTRAY.

Well we know, not ever here is a footing for thy dream:
Thou art sick for horse and spear beside an ancient stream;

For the hearth-smoke in the wild, and the herd-boy's stave;
For a beauty far exiled, and belief within her grave.

While another sky and ground orb thy strange remembering,
And no world of mortal bound is the master of thy wing,

Dost thou yet thy fate forgive, that the godhead in thy breast
Has this life at least to live as a force in rhythmic rest,

As a seed that bides the hour of obscureness and decay,
Being troth of flower to flower down the long generic day?

Child whom elder airs enfold, who hast greatness to maintain
Where heroic hap of old may return and shine again,

Oft as stirs across thy heart the too familiar light,
How thy mother's pulses start at the token quick and slight!

Lest captivity be o'er, lest thou glide away, and so
From our tents of Nevermore strike the trail of Long Ago.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

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UPON IMPULSE.

The seminary buildings stood just across the meadow from the low lodge-like railway station, and a path led through a gap in the fence across the meadow. People were soberly converging toward its central building, as if proceeding to church.

Among the people who alighted from the two o'clock train were Professor Blakesly and his wife and a tall, dark man whom they called Ware.

Mrs. Blakesly was plump and pretty, plainly the mother of two or three children and the sovereign of a modest suburban cottage. Blakesly was as evidently a teacher; even the casual glances of the other visitors might discover the character of these people.

Ware was not so easy to be read. His face was lean and brown, and his squarely clipped mustache gave him a stern look. His body was well rounded with muscle, and he walked alertly; his manner was direct and vigorous, manifestly of the open air.

As they entered the meadow he paused and said with humorous irresolution, "I don't know what I am out here for."

"To see the pretty girls, of course," said Mrs. Blakesly.

"They may be plain, after all," he said.

"They're always pretty at graduation time and at marriage," Blakesly interpreted.

"Then there's the ice-cream and cake," Mrs. Blakesly added.

"Where do all these people come from?" Ware asked, looking about. "It's all country here."

"They are the fathers, mothers, and brothers of the seminary girls. They come from everywhere. See the dear creatures about the door! Let's hurry along."

"They do not interest me. I take off my hat to the beauty of the day, however."

Ware had evidently come under protest, for he lingered in the daisied grass which was dappled with shadows and tinkling with bobolinks and cat-birds.

A broad path led up to the central building, whose double doors were swung wide with most hospitable intent. Ware ascended the steps behind his friends, a bored look on his dark face.

Two rows of flushed, excited girls with two teachers at their head stood flanking the doorway to receive the visitors, who streamed steadily into the wide, cool hall.

Mrs. Blakesly took Ware in hand. "Mr. Ware, this is Miss Powell. Miss Powell, this is Mr. Jenkin Ware, lawyer and friend to the Blakeslys."

"I'm very glad to see you," said a cool voice, in which gladness was entirely absent.

Ware turned to shake hands mechanically, but something in the steady eyes and clasp of the hand held out turned his listless manner into surprise and confusion. He stared at her without speaking, only for a second, and yet so long she coloured and withdrew her hand sharply.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't get the name."

"Miss Powell," answered Mrs. Blakesly, who had certainly missed this little comedy, which would have been so delicious to her.

Ware moved on, shaking hands with the other teachers and bowing to the girls. He seized an early moment to turn and look back at Miss Powell. His listless indifference was gone. She was a fine figure of a woman—a strong, lithe figure, dressed in a well-ordered, light-coloured gown. Her head was girlish, with a fluff of brown hair knotted low at the back. Her profile was magnificent. The head had the intellectual poise, but the proud bosom and strong body added another quality. "She is a modern type," Ware said, remembering a painting of such a type he had seen in a recent exhibition.

As he studied her she turned and caught him looking, and he felt again a curious fluttering rush at his heart. He fancied she flushed a little deeper as she turned away.

As for him, it had been a very long while since he had felt that singular weakness in the presence of a young woman. He walked on trying to account for it. It made him feel very boyish. He had a furtive desire to remain in the hall where he could watch

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her, and when he passed up the stairs, it was with a distinct feeling of melancholy, as if he were leaving something very dear and leaving it forever.

He wondered where this feeling came from, and he looked into the upturned faces of the girls as if they were pansies. He wandered about the rooms with the Blakeslys, being bored by introductions, until at last Miss Powell came up the stairway with the last of the guests.

While the girls sang and went through some pretty drills Ware again studied Miss Powell. Her appeal to his imagination was startling. He searched for the cause of it. It could not be in her beauty. Certainly she was fine and womanly and of splendid physique, but all about her were lovely girls of daintier flesh and warmer colour. He reasoned that her power was in her eyes, steady, frank as sunlight, clear as water in a mountain brook. She seemed unconscious of his scrutiny.

At last they began moving down the stairs and on to the other buildings. Ware and Blakesly waited for the ladies to come down. And when they came they were in the midst of a flood of others, and Ware had no chance to speak to them. As they moved across the grass he fell in behind Mrs. Blakesly, who seemed to be telling secrets to Miss Powell, who flushed and shook her head.

Mrs. Blakesly turned and saw Ware close behind her, and said, "O Mr. Ware, where is my dear, dear husband?"

"Back in the swirl," Ware replied.

Mrs. Blakesly artfully dropped Miss Powell's arm and fell back. "I must not desert the poor dear." As she passed Ware she said, "Take my place."

"With pleasure," he replied, and walked on after Miss Powell, who seemed not to care to wait.

How simply she was dressed! She moved like an athlete, without effort and without constraint. As he walked quickly to overtake her a finer light fell over the hills and a fresher green came into the grass. The daisies nodding in the wind blurred together in a dance of light and loveliness which moved him like a song.

"How beautiful everything is today!" he said, as he stepped to her side. He felt as if he had said, how beautiful you are!

She flashed a quick, inquiring glance at him.

"Yes; June can be beautiful with us. Still there is a beauty more mature, when the sickle is about to be thrust in."

He did not hear what she said. He was thinking of the power that lay in the oval of her face, in the fluffy tangle of her hair. *Ah! now he knew.* With that upward glance she brought back his boy love, his teacher whom he had worshipped as boys sometimes will, with a love as pure as winter starlight. Yes, now it was clear. There was the same flex of the splendid waist, the same slow lift of the head and steady, beautiful eyes.

As she talked he was a youth of seventeen, he was lying at his teacher's feet by the river while she read wonderful love-stories. There were others there, but they did not count. And then the tears blurred his eyes, he remembered walking behind her dead body as it was borne to the hill-side burying-ground, and all the world was desolate for him.

He became aware that Miss Powell was looking at him with startled eyes. He hastened to apologise and explain. "Pardon me; you look so much like a schoolboy idol—I—I seem to see her again. I didn't hear what you said, you brought the past back so poignantly."

There was something in his voice which touched her, but before he could go on they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Blakesly and one of the other teachers. There was a dancing light in Mrs. Blakesly's eyes as she looked at Ware. She had just been saying to her husband, "What a splendid figure Miss Powell is! How well they look together! wouldn't it be splendid if—"

"O my dear, you're too bad. Please don't match-make any more to-day. Let nature attend to these things," Mr. Blakesly replied with manifest impatience; "nature attended to our case."

"I have no faith in nature any more. I want to have at least a finger in the pie myself. Nature don't work in all cases. I'm afraid nature can't in his case."

"Careful; he'll hear you, my dear."

"Where do we go now, Miss Powell?" asked Blakesly as they came to a halt on the opposite side of the campus.

"I think they are all going to the gymnasium building. Won't you come? That is my dominion."

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They answered by moving off, Mrs. Blakesly taking Miss Powell's arm. As they streamed away in files she said, "Isn't he good-looking? We've known him for years. He's all right," she said significantly, and squeezed Miss Powell's arm.

"Well, Lou Blakesly, you're the same old irrepressible!"

"Blushing already, you *dear!* I tell you he's splendid. I wish he'd take to you," and she gave Miss Powell another squeeze. "It would be *such* a match. Brains and beauty, too."

"Oh, hush!"

They entered the cool, wide hall of the gymnasium, with its red brick walls, its polished floor, and the yellow-red wooden beams showing picturesquely.

There were only a few people remaining in the hall, most having passed on into the museum. As they came to the various appliances Miss Powell explained them.

"What are these rings for?" inquired Mrs. Blakesly, pointing at the row of iron rings depending from long ropes.

"They are for swinging on," and she leaped lightly upward and caught and swung by one hand.

"Mercy! Do you do that?"

"She seems to be doing it now," Blakesly said.

"I am one of the teachers," Miss Powell replied, dropping to the floor.

It was glorious to see how easily she seized a heavy dumb-bell and swung it above her head. The front line of her body was majestic as she stood thus.

"Gracious! I couldn't do that," exclaimed Mrs. Blakesly.

"No, not with your style of dress," replied her husband. "I have to pin her hat on this year," he said to Ware.

"I love it," said Miss Powell, as she drew a heavy weight from the floor and stood with the cord across her shoulder. "It adds so much to life. It gives what Browning calls the wild joy of living. Do you know, few women know what that means? It's been denied us. Only the men have known

"'*The wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,*
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of a plunge in the pool's living water.'

I try to teach my girls 'How good is man's life, the mere living!'"

The men cheered as she paused for a moment flushed and breathless.

She went on: "We women have been shut out from the sports too long—I mean sports in the sun. The men have had the best of it. All the swimming, all the boating, wheeling, all the grand, wild life; now we're going to have a part."

The young ladies clustered about with flushed, excited faces while their teacher planted her flag and claimed new territory for women.

Miss Powell herself grew conscious, and flushed and paused abruptly.

Mrs. Blakesly effervesced in admiring astonishment. "Well, well! I didn't know you could make a speech."

"I didn't mean to do so," she replied.

"Go on! Go on!" everybody called out, but she turned away to show some other apparatus.

"Wasn't she fine?" exclaimed Mrs. Blakesly to Ware.

"Beyond praise," he replied. She went at once to communicate her morsel of news to her husband, and at length to Miss Powell.

The company passed out into other rooms until no one was left but Mrs. Blakesly, the professor, and Ware. Miss Powell was talking again, and to Ware mainly. Ware was thoughtful, Miss Powell radiant.

"I didn't know what life was till I could do that." She took up a large dumb-bell, and extending it at arm's length, whirled it back and forth. Her forearm, white and smooth, swelled into strong action, and her supple hands had the unwavering power and pressure of an athlete, and withal Ware thought, She is feminine. Her physical power has not coarsened her; it has enlarged her life, but left her entirely womanly.

In some adroit way Mrs. Blakesly got her husband out of the room and left Ware and Miss Powell together. She was showing him the view from the windows, and they seemed to be perfectly absorbed. She looked around once and saw that Mrs. Blakesly was showing her husband something in the farther end of the room. After that she did not think of them.

The sun went lower in the sky and flamed along the sward. He spoke of the mystical power of the waving daisies and the glowing greens which no painter

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ever seems to paint. While they looked from the windows their arms touched, and they both tried to ignore it. She shivered a little as if a cold wind had blown upon her. At last she led the way out and down the stairs to the campus. They heard the gay laughter of the company at their cakes and ices, up at the central building.

He stopped outside the hallway, and as she looked up inquiringly at him, he said quietly, "Suppose we go down the road? It seems pleasanter there."

She acquiesced like one in a pleasure which made duty seem absurd.

Strong and fine as she was, she had never found a lover to whom she yielded her companionship with unalloyed delight. She was thirty years of age, and her girlhood was past. She looked at this man, and a suffocating band seemed to encircle her throat. She knew he was strong and clean. He was a little saddened with life—that she read in his deep-set eyes and unsmiling lips.

The road led toward the river, and as they left the campus they entered a lane shaded by natural oaks. He talked on slowly. He asked her what her plans were.

"To teach and to live," she said. Her enthusiasm for the work seemed entirely gone.

Once he said, "This is the finest hour of my life."

On the bank of the river they paused and seated themselves on the sward under a tree whose roots fingered the stream with knuckled hands.

"Yes, every time you look up at me you bring back my boyish idol," he went on. "She was older than I. It is as if I had grown older and she had not, and that she were you, or you were she. I can't tell you how it has affected me. Every movement you make goes deep down into my sweetest, tenderest recollections. It's always June there, always sweet and clean. Her death and burial was mystical in its beauty. I looked in her coffin, she was the grandest statue that ever lay in marble; the Greek types are insipid beside that vision. You'll say I idealised her; possibly I did, but there she is. O God! It was terrible to see one die so young and so lovely."

There was a silence. Tears came to her eyes. He could only exclaim; weeping was denied him. His voice trembled, but grew firmer as he went on:

"And now you come. I don't know exactly in what way you resemble her. I only know you shake me as no other human being has done since that coffin-lid shut out her face." He lifted his head and looked around. "But nature is beautiful and full of light and buoyancy. I am not going to make you sad. I want to make you happy. I was only a boy to her. She cared for me only as a mature woman likes an apt pupil, but she made all nature radiant for me, as you do now."

He smiled upon her suddenly. His sombre mood passed like one of the shadows of the clouds floating over the campus. It was only a recollected mood. As he looked at her the old hunger came into his heart, but the buoyancy and emotional exaltation of youth came back also.

"Miss Powell, are you free to marry me?" he said suddenly.

She grew very still, but she flushed and then she turned her face away from him. She had no immediate reply.

"That is an extraordinary thing to ask you, I know," he went on; "but it seems as if I had known you a long time, and then sitting here in the midst of nature with the insects singing all about us—well, conventions are not so vital as in drawing-rooms. Remember your Browning."

She who had declaimed Browning so blithely now sat silent, but the colour went out of her face, and she listened to the multitudinous stir and chirp of living things, and her eyes dreamed as he went on steadily, his eyes studying her face.

"Browning believes in these impulses. I'll admit I never have. I've always reasoned upon things, at least since I became a man. It hasn't brought me much, and I'm much disposed to try the virtue of an impulse. I feel as certain that we can be happy together as I am of life, so I come back to my question, Are you free to marry me?"

She flushed again. "I have no other ties, if that is what you mean."

"That is what I mean precisely. I felt that you were free like myself. I might ask Blakesly to vouch for me, but I prefer not. I ask for no one's opinion of you. Can't you trust to

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that insight of which women are supposed to be happily possessed?"

She smiled a little. "I never boasted of any divining power."

He came nearer. "Come, you and I have gone by rule and reason long enough. Here we have a magnificent impulse; let us follow. Don't ask me to wait, that would spoil it all; considerations would come in."

"Ought they not to come in?"

"No," he replied, and his low voice had the intensity of a trumpet. "If this magnificent moment passes by, this chance for a pure impulsive choice, it is lost forever. You know Browning makes much of such lost opportunities. Seeing you there with bent head and blowing hair, I would throw the world away to become the blade of grass you break. There, will that do?" He smiled.

"That speech should bring back youth to us both," she said.

"Right action *now* will," he quickly answered.

"But I must consider."

"Do not. Take the impulse."

"It may be wayward."

"We've both got beyond the wayward impulse. This impulse rises from the profound deeps. Come, the sun sinks, the insect voices thicken, a star passes behind the moon, and life hastens. Come into my life. Can't you trust me?"

She grew very white, but a look of exaltation came into her face. She lifted her clear, steady eyes to his. She reached her hand to his, "I will," she said, and they rose and stood together thus.

He uncovered his head. A sort of awe fell upon him. A splendid human life was put into his keeping.

"A pure choice," he said exultingly —"a choice untouched by considerations. It brings back the youth of the world."

The sun lay along the sward in level lines, the sky was full of clouds sailing in file, like mighty purple cranes in saffron seas of flame, the wind wavered among the leaves, and the insects sang.

The two looked into each other's faces They seemed to be transfigured, each to the other.

"You must not go back," he said. "They would not understand you nor me. We will never be so near a great happiness, a great holiday. It is holiday time. Let us go to the mountains."

She drew a sigh as if all her cares and duties dropped from her, then she smiled and a comprehending light sparkled in her eyes.

"Very well, to the clouds if you will."

Hamlin Garland.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh, learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
My single sorrow crowns Thee, Lord
Of an unpurchasable word.

Oh, strong, oh, pure!
As yea makes happier loves secure;
I vow thee this:
Unique rejection of a kiss.
I guard for thee
This jealous sad monopoly.
I seal this honour thine; none dare
Hope for a part in thy despair.

Alice Meynell.

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ON THE NATURALISATION OF FOREIGN WORDS.

When Taine was praising that earliest of analytical novels, the *Princess of Cleves*, he noted the simplicity of Madame de Lafayette's style. "Half of the words we use are unknown to Madame de Lafayette," he declared. "She is like the painters of old, who could make every shade with only five or six colours." And he asserts that "there is no easier reading" than this story of Madame de Lafayette's; "a child could understand without effort all her expressions and all her phrases. . . . Nowadays, every writer is a pedant, and every style is obscure. All of us have read three or four centuries, and three or four literatures. Philosophy, science, art, criticism have weighted us with their discoveries and their jargons."

This is true enough, no doubt; and one of the strange phenomenons of this nineteenth century of ours is the sudden and enormous swelling of our vocabularies. Perhaps the distension of the dictionary is more obvious in English than in French, for there are now nearly three times as many human beings using the language of Shakespeare as there are now using the language of Molière; and while the speakers of French are compacted in one country and take their tone from its capital, the speakers of English are scattered in the four quarters of the earth, and they use each man his own speech in his own fashion. From the wider variety of interests among those who speak English, our language is perforce more hospitable to foreign words than French needs to be, since it is used rather by a conservative people who prefer to stay at home.

Perhaps the French are at times even too inhospitable to the foreign phrase. A friend of mine who came to the reading of M. Paul Bourget's *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, fresh from the perusal of the German philosophers, has told me that he was pained by M. Bourget's vain effort to express the thoughts the French author had absorbed from the Germans. It seemed as though M. Bourget were struggling for speech, and could not say what was in his mind for lack of words in his native tongue capable of conveying his meaning. Of course it must be remembered that German philosphy is vague and fluctuating, and that the central thought is often obscured by a penumbra, while French is the most precise of languages. Those who are proud of it have declared that what is not clear is not French.

The English language extends a warmer welcome to the foreign term, and also exercises more freely its right to make a word for itself whenever one is needed. The manufactured article is not always satisfactory, but if it gets into general use, no further evidence is required that it was made to supply a genuine want. *Scientist*, for example, is an ugly word (although an invention of Whewell's), and yet it was needed. How necessary it was can be seen by any reader of Mr. F. W. H. Myers's essay on "Science and a Future Life," who notes that Mr. Myers refused resolutely to use it, although it conveys exactly the meaning the author wanted, and that the British writer preferred to employ instead the French *savant*, which does not—etymologically at least—contain his full intention. Mr. Myers's fastidiousness did not, however, prevent his using *creationist* as an adjective, and also *bonism* as a substitute for *optimism*, "with no greater barbarism in the form of the word and more accuracy in the meaning."

Every one who loves good English cannot but have a healthy hatred for the style of a writer who bespatters his pages with alien words and foreign phrases; and yet we are more tolerant, I think, toward a term taken from one of the dead languages than toward one derived from any of the living tongues. Probably the bishop who liked now and then to cite a Hebrew sentence was oversanguine in his explanation that "everybody knows a little Hebrew." I am afraid that Hebrew is "all Greek" to most of those who listen to discourses by bishops. It is said that even a Latin quotation is now no longer certain to be recognised in the British House of Commons; and yet it was an English statesman who declared that, although there was no necessity for a gentleman to know Latin, he ought at least to have forgotten it.

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For a bishop to quote Hebrew is now pedantic, no doubt, and even for the inferior clergy to quote Latin. It is pedantic, but it is not indecorous, whereas a French quotation in the pulpit, or even the use of a single French word, like *savant*, for example, would seem to most of us almost a breach of the proprieties. It would strike us, I think, not merely as a social solecism, but somehow as morally reprehensible. A preacher who habitually cited French phrases would be in danger of the council. To picture Jonathan Edwards as using the language of Voltaire is impossible. That a French quotation should seem more incongruous in the course of a religious argument than a Latin, a Greek, or a Hebrew quotation, is perhaps to be ascribed to the fact that the most of us hold the Parisians to be a more frivolous people than the Romans, the Athenians, or the Israelites. And as the essay of Mr. Myers was a religious argument, this may be one reason why his employment of *savant* was unfortunate.

Another reason is suggested by Professor Dowden's shrewd remark that "a word, like a comet, has a tail as well as a head." What a word connotes is often as important as what it denotes; and an adroit craftsman in letters is careful always that the connotations of the terms he chooses shall be in accord with the tone of his thesis. It may be disputed whether *savant* denotes the same thing as *scientist*, but it can hardly be denied that the connotations of the two words are wholly different. For my own part, some lingering memory of Abbott's *Napoleon*, absorbed in boyhood, links the wise men of France with the donkeys of Egypt, because whenever the Mameluke cavalry threatened the French squares the cry went up, "Asses and *savants* to the centre!"

After all, it is perhaps rather a question whether or not *savant* is now an English noun. There are many French words knocking at the door of the English language and asking for admission. Is *littoral* for *shore* now an English noun? Is *blond* an English adjective, meaning *light-haired* and opposed to *brunette?* Is *brunette* itself really anglicised? (I ask this in spite of the fact that a friend of mine once read in a country newspaper a description of a *brunette* horse.) Has *inedited* for *unpublished* won its way into our language finally? Lowell gave it his warrant, at least by using it in his *Letters;* but I confess that it has always struck me as liable to confusion with *unedited.*

Foreign words must always be allowed to land on our coasts without a passport, yet if any of them linger long enough to warrant a belief that they may take out their papers sooner or later, we must decide at last whether or not they are likely to be desirable residents of our dictionary; and if we determine to naturalise them, we may fairly enough insist on their renouncing their foreign allegiance. They must cast in their lot with us absolutely and be bound by our laws only. The French *chaperon*, for example, has asked for admission to our vocabulary, and the application has been granted, so that we have now no hesitation in recording that Daisy Miller was chaperoned by Becky Sharp at the last ball given by the Marquis of Steyne. So *technique* has changed its name to *technic*, and is made welcome. So *employé* is accepted in the properly anglicised form of *employee.* So the useful *clôture* undergoes a sea-change and becomes the English *closure.*

So *toilette* has been abbreviated to *toilet;* at least, I should have said so without any hesitation if I had not recently seen the foreign spelling reappearing repeatedly in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Amateur Emigrant*—and this in the complete Edinburgh edition prepared by Mr. Sidney Colvin. To find a Gallic spelling in the British prose of Stevenson is a surprise, especially since the author of the *Dynamiter* is on record as a contemner of another orthographic Gallicism. In a foot-note to *More New Arabian Nights* Stevenson declares that "any writard who writes *dynamitard* shall find in me a never-resting fightard."

I should like to think that the naturalised *literator* was supplanting the alien *littérateur*, but I cannot claim confidence as to the result. *Literator* is a good English word; I have found it in the careful pages of Lockhart's *Life of Scott;* and I make no doubt that it can prove a much older pedigree than that. It seems to me a better word by far than *literarian*, which Mr. Fitzedward Hall manufactured for his own use "some time in the fifties," and which he has defended against a British critic who denounced it as "atrocious." Mr.

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Hall, praising the word of his own making, declared that "to *literatus* or *literator*, for *literary person*, or a longer phrase of equivalent import, there are obvious objections." Nobody, to the best of my belief, ever attempted to use in English the Latin *literatus*, although its plural Poe made us familiar with by his series of papers on "The Literati of America." Since Poe's death the word has ceased to be current, even if it were accepted from him and from a few of his predecessors.

Perhaps one of the obvious objections to *literatus* is that if it be treated as an English word the plural it forms is not pleasant to the ear—*literatuses*. Here, indeed, is a moot point: How does a foreign word make its plural in English? Not long ago Mr. C. F. Thwing, writing in *Harper's Bazar* on the college education of young women, spoke of *foci*. Mr. Churton Collins, preparing a book about the study of English literature in the British universities, expressed his desire "to raise Greek, now gradually falling out of our *curricula* and degenerating into the cachet and shibboleth of cliques of pedants, to its proper place in education." Here we see Mr. Thwing and Mr. Collins treating *focus* and *curriculum* as words not yet assimilated by our language, and therefore to assume the Latin plural.

Does not this prove a lack of taste on the part of these writers? If *focus* and *curriculum* are not good English words, what need is there to employ them when you are using the English language to convey your thoughts? There are occasions, of course, where the employment of a foreign term is justifiable, but they must always be very rare. The imported word which we really require, we had best take to ourselves, incorporating it in the language, treating it thereafter absolutely as an English word, and giving it the regular English plural. If the word you use is so foreign that you would print it in italics, then of course the plural should be formed according to the rules of the foreign language from which it has been borrowed; but if it has become so acclimated in our tongue that you would not think of underlining it, then surely it is English enough to take an English plural. If *cherub* is now English, its plural is the English *cherubs*, and not the Hebrew *cherubim*. If *phenomenon* is now English, its plural is the English *phenomenons*, and not the Greek *phenomena*. If *formula* is now English, its plural is the English *formulas*, and not the Latin *formulæ*. If *bureau* is now English, its plural is the English *bureaus*, and not the French *bureaux*.

It is true also that when we take over a term from another language we ought to be sure that it really exists in the other language. For lack of observance of this caution we find ourselves now in possession of phrases like *double entendre* and *nom de plume* and *déshabille*, which the French never heard. And even when we have assured ourselves of the existence of the word in the foreign language, it behooves us then to assure ourselves also of its exact meaning before we take it for our own. In his interesting and instructive book about *English Prose*, Professor Earle reminds us that the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe is not yet an extinct species; and he adds in a note that "the word *levée* seems to be another genuine instance of the same insular dialect," since it is not French of any date, but an English improvement upon the verb (or substantive) *lever*, "getting up in the morning."

An example, even more extraordinary than any of these, I think, will occur to those of us who are in the habit of glancing through the theatrical announcements of the American newspapers. This is the taking of the French word *vaudeville* to designate what was once known as a "variety show," and what is now more often called a "specialty entertainment." For any such interpretation of *vaudeville* there is no warrant whatever in French. Originally the "vaudeville" was a satiric ballad, bristling with hits at the times, and therefore closely akin to the "topical song" of to-day; and it is at this stage of its evolution that Boileau asserted that

> "*Le Français, né malin, créa le vaudeville.*"

In time there came to be spoken words accompanying those sung, and thus the "vaudeville" expanded slowly into a little comic play in which there were one or more songs. Of late the Parisian "vaudeville" has been not unlike the London "musical farce." At no stage of its career had the "vaudeville" anything to do with the "variety show;"

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and yet to the average American to-day the two words seem synonymous. There was even organised in New York in the fall of 1892 a series of subscription suppers during which "specialty entertainments" were to be given; and in spite of the fact that the organisers were presumably persons who had travelled, they called their society the "Vaudeville Club," although no real "vaudeville" was ever presented before the members during its brief and inglorious career. Of course explanation and protest are now equally futile. The meaning of the word is forever warped beyond correction; and for the future here in America a "vaudeville" is a "variety show," no matter what it may be or may have been in France. When the people as a whole accept a word as having a certain meaning, that is and must be the meaning of the word thereafter; and there is no use in kicking against the pricks. Language is made in the library sometimes, it is true, but not so often as it is made on the sidewalk; and, after all, this is fortunate for us, or else we should be stifled by pedantry.

The fate in English of another French term is even now trembling in the balance. This is the word *née*. The French have found a way out of the difficulty of indicating easily the maiden name of a married woman; they write unhesitatingly about Madame Machin, *née* Chose; and the Germans have a like idiom. But instead of taking a hint from the French and the Germans, and thus of speaking about Mrs. Brown, born Gray, as they do, not a few English writers have simply borrowed the actual French word, and so we read about Mrs. Black, *née* White. As usual, this borrowing is dangerous; and the temptation seems to be irresistible to destroy the exact meaning of *née* by using it in the sense of "formerly." Thus in the *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-88*, collected and arranged by Mr. George W. E. Russell, the editor supplies in foot-notes information about the persons whose names appear in the correspondence. In one of these annotations we read that the wife of Sir Anthony de Rothschild was "*née* Louisa Montefiore" (i., 165), and in another that the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke was "née Annie de Rothschild" (ii., 160). Now no one knows better than the accomplished editor of these letters that neither of these ladies was *born* with a given name as well as a family name. It is obvious that he has chosen arbitrarily to wrench the meaning of *née* to suit his own convenience, a proceeding of which I venture to think that Matthew Arnold himself would certainly have disapproved. In fact, I doubt if Mr. Russell is not here guilty of an absurdity almost as obvious as that charged against a wealthy Western lady now residing at the capital of the United States, who is said to have written her name on the register of a New York hotel thus: "Mrs. Blank, Washington née Chicago."

Brander Matthews.

IS *THE BOOKMAN* MISOGYNOUS?

A Criticism.

"I hate every woman!" cries Euripides in keen iambics, in a citation of the *Florilegium* of Stobæus. The sentiment was not new with Euripides—unfortunately not new. There was bucolic Hesiod, with his precepts on wife-choosing, before him. Then there was Simonides of Amorgos, who showed the degradation of the Ionian women and not less the degradation of the Ionian men. "Woman is a curse!" cried Susarion—the Jews had said it before when they told the story of Eve. Since these there has been a host of misogynists. And last of all is The Bookman.

Along with Euripides was Aristophanes, the radiant laughter-lover, the juggler with heaven and earth, who flouted the women of Athens in his *Ecclesiazusæ* and *Clouds* and *Thesmophoriazusæ*. Down the line of the centuries our ancestors cast to and fro the same

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ball in spite of the introduction into life and literature of romantic love. You find it among the Latins. You catch the flicker of it in the gloaming and the murk of the Middle Ages, even amid the excesses of chivalry and its exaltations. You see it in Martin Luther's injunction to Catherine von Bora—that it ill became a woman, his wife, to lace her dress in front; such independence was not seemly, not womanly. So it continued, on down through Boileau's satire and Pope's *Characters*, till we find the Wizard of the North, who did for his own century what Heliodorus and his chaste Chariclea did for the fourth,—till we find Walter Scott writing in one of his exquisite songs:

> "Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
> Write the characters in dust."

For ages women have been silent. That it is better to be silent than to antagonise seems to have been a part of their cult. Probably they have all along had the pervasive faith of the Mrs. Poysers of to-day that "heaven made 'em to match the men," and have seriously believed that men and women being very much alike, their interests are essentially identical—

> "they rise or sink
> Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free. . . .
> If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow?"

One deprecates, therefore, misogynous literature. It is an embattling of forces that should be firmest friends.

Thus it happens that THE BOOKMAN is at fault. In the November number two misogynous sentences stain its fairness, and because they are not the first of the sort, and because they occur on otherwise admirable pages, it is worth while to speak out. Foremost is the phrase "the neurotic caterwauling of an hysterical woman," on folio 210. Cicero's invective and pathos are said to be perilously near the thing.

Now specialists in nervous difficulties, and our alienists, have not yet determined that there is any marked difference between the neurotic caterwauling of hysterical women and the neurotic caterwauling of hysterical men. Cicero's shrieks would probably rather approximate the men's. We every one of us know the so-called caterwauling of both men and women, and we each one know that they are difficult to bear, and that it is hard to choose between them. To take an instance in broad cast literature. All in all, and with change of figure, in what way is the patchouly oil of Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal* so different from the essential lubricant of Swinburne's early ballads? Both these writers, we hasten to add, may be seen from another than this common point of view. A mere generous feeling is that by which we consider any record of value to mankind, and everything holy which is a part of the natural order of the world. But this question does not now concern us.

Exactly and scientifically speaking, the neurotic and the hysteric are contradictory terms, for neurotic men and women are said by physicians to be self-forgetting sensitives, zealous, executive, while the hysterics of both sexes are supreme egotists, selfish, vain, and vague. They are uncomfortable, one may repeat, both in personal and literary contact. So is wit at their expense. "If we knew all," said George Eliot, who was never neurotic and never hysteric, "we would not judge." And before Mrs. Lewes lifted her voice Paul wrote to the inhabitants of Rome, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest." Nowadays science declares that the man who wears a shirt-collar cannot be well, and equally the same spirit of research will doubtless determine later on that neurosis and hysteria are legacies of foregone generations who found the world out of joint and preyed upon their strength and calmness of nerve to set it right, and that humaneness and fair play, not to speak of a tender sympathy, are their only cures.

The other phrase has to do with "the unauthoritative young women who make dictionaries at so much a mile." It is on page 267. The sentence reminds one of the wit of the last century; of Pope's studied and never-dying gibes at Lady Mary Wortley Montagu after she had given him the mitten; of Dr. Johnson's "female day," and his rumbling thunder over "the freaks and humours and spleen and vanity of women;"—of the man whose devotion to his bepainted and bedizened old wife was the talk of literary London. But we are apt to believe the slurs that Pope, Johnson, and their self-applauding co-labourers cast upon what they

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commonly termed "females" as deterrent to their fairness, favour, and fame; and the high-noted laugh that sounded from Euphelia's morning toilet, and helped the self-applause and self-gratulation of those old beaux, not infrequently grates upon our nineteenth-century neurotic sensibilities.

An unauthoritative young woman, one may suppose, is one who is not authoritative, not having authority. But what confers authority? Assumption of it? Very often, alas! We have in this blessed republic no Academy, no Sanhedrim, no keeper of the seal of the authority of letters. The young woman spoken of may be—*is* sometimes—as fitted for authority and the exercise of it as her brother. But there is the eternal variation—she does not assume it. Consequently she makes dictionaries at so much a mile. Such work used to be done by drudge men. Now, with the learning women's colleges afford, it is oftenest done by drudge women. The law of commerce prevails; women gain the task because they work for less than men.

But why should men fleer? Does this arrangement not afford opportunity for a man now and then to affix his name to her work? We all remember how in the making of the —— Dictionary the unauthoritative young woman did the work, and the unauthoritative man wrote the introduction and the authoritative man affixed his signature to it. Do we not all remember that? Then there is the —— —— —— and the —— —— —— ——. We do not fear to mention them; we merely pity, and do not, —and we nurse pity, because with Aristotle we believe it purifies the heart. With small knowledge I can count five such make-ups as I have indicated. In one case an authoritative young woman did her part of the work under the supposition and agreement that her name was to appear—and in the end, by a trick, it did not.

The very work of these so-called unauthoritative young women passes in the eyes of a world uninstructed in the present condition of the art of bookmaking as the work of the so-called authoritative men. It was not this way when the "king-critic" got together his dictionary. Johnson's work evidences his hand on every page and almost in every paragraph. But things are changed from that good old time. We now have trusts and monopolies and such forerunners of socialism. Nowadays the duties of an editor-in-chief may be—nay, have been—to ring a hand-bell for each day's beginning and ending of tasks, to keep a sharp eye upon the authoritative and unauthoritative men and women whose brains he has bargained for, and when their work is done, place his name upon the title-page.

Until honour is stronger among man—that is, inclusively, men and women—don't gibe at the unauthoritative young woman writing at so much a mile. She is gentle. Often she is like the etherised dog that licks the hand that lays bare his brain. She will not retort. But she has a vital sense of honesty and dishonesty, and she knows justice. Philosophy sometimes seems inadequate; still it consoles her. In fact, a knowledge of life, which is the residuum of her unauthoritative literary experience, shows her the rare truth of Mr. Howells's insight when he wrote, "There is *no* happy life for a woman—except as she is happy in suffering for those she loves, and in sacrificing herself to their pleasure, their pride, and ambition. The advantage that the world offers her—and it does not always offer her that—is her choice in self-sacrifice." Ten to one—a hundred to one, the young woman is unauthoritative because she is not peremptory, is not positive, is not dictatorial, assumes no airs of authority, is sympathetic with another's egotism, is altruistic, is not egotistical with the egotism that is unwilling to cast forth its work for the instruction and furthering of men save when personal recognition accompanies it. Individual fame seems to her an ephemeral thing, but the aggregate good of mankind eternal.

The beaux of that other century were great in spite of their sneers and taunts at the Clarindas and Euphelias and Fidelias, not on account of them. Now because THE BOOKMAN may be to New York as the *Rambler* was to the London of 1753, or the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Englishman* to Queen Anne's earlier day, let it not deface its pages with misogynous phrase and sentence, and really unsympathetic words regarding women who by some individual misfortune have become literary drudges—but who, after

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all, even from THE BOOKMAN'S point of view, whether their work is authoritative or unauthoritative, have a vast educational influence in the world at large. "You harshly blame my strengthlessness and the woman-delicacy of my body," exclaims the Antigone of Euripides, according to another citation in the same *Florilegium* of Stobæus we mentioned above, "but if I am of understanding mind—that is better than a strong arm."

The fact that THE BOOKMAN prints this brief plea of an unauthorised advocate for defendants whose case would otherwise go by default serves to prove—what its former folios also show—that its sympathies are really broad, and that there is room in its pages for some other woman than the hysterical woman with neurotic caterwaulings, and the unauthoritative young woman who makes dictionaries at so much a mile.

Kate Stephens.

A BALLADE OF BYGONES.

Into what dim, unlettered night
  Do our romantic idols stray?
Whither has Trilby taken flight
  And where does Ben Hur's chariot sway?
The Little Minister is grey;
  No more does Robert Elsmere pose;
Where do the favourites delay?
  Nay, where is yestermorning's rose?

Forgotten is The Manxman's might;
  And what of Tess do bookmen say?
The Prisoner of Zenda's plight
  Is one with Fauntleroy's at play.
Mulvaney, Ortheris! Where are they?
  On Sherlock Holmes the shadows close;
Why do their memories decay?
  Ah, where is yestermorning's rose?

They walked Romance's flowery height,
  Nor Howells' self could them dismay;
Made all of sweetness and of light,
  For which Philistines loved to pay.
Now each his unlamented way
  To libraried oblivion goes,
And on their tombs we toss a spray
  Of yestermorning's faded rose.

ENVOY.

Prints 'twas not yours the fate to stay
  With all the art the era knows,
For fame in this decadent day
  Is but as yestermorning's rose.

Edward A. Church.

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MY LITERARY HERESIES.

Obedient to the Editors, I write about "My Literary Heresies," though I am not consciously guilty of any. The difficulty is to find a standard of Literary Orthodoxy. There is no Sacred Congregation of the Index, in Literature, to ban sinners against the Catholic Verity. There is not even an Academy in England, a recognised source of authority. One of the Goncourts averred that all literary discussions came, at last, to this, "My taste is better than yours." The Ettrick Shepherd also (according to Miss Repplier, for I cannot verify the reference) described a critic as "bigoted to his ain abeelities." We are all apt to be bigoted to our own abilities, and, in literature, every man deems himself "the measure of the Universe." This theory, if a heresy, is universally, though unconsciously held, and is not a peculiar innovation of the present unworthy scribe.

Let it also be noted that, apart from literary heresies, there are literary sins. The most orthodox Catholic, or Covenanter, in matters of belief, may, in matters of conduct, be little better than the wicked. He may recognise the beauty of holiness, yet may freely break every commandment. Thus I may, and do, admire Shakespeare and Molière, Pindar and Plato, even more than I admire Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli. This frame of mind, I conceive, is orthodox, yet I may read Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli much more frequently than I read Molière and Plato, Pindar and Shakespeare. As a matter of fact I don't; but I *might*, and this would be (I conceive) a literary sin against knowledge, but not a literary heresy. It would be a literary heresy if I said, speaking of the author of *The Manxman*, "A greater than Shakespeare is here;" and speaking of the author of *The Sorrows of Barabbas*, "A greater than Miss Austen or than Sappho is here." Of course either of these judgments may be true, or both may be true, but both would be heretical. Copernicus made heretical observations, which were true for all that. The only standard of literary orthodoxy is the opinion of the ages, and of the best judges. Thus when a reviewer, in the *Academy*, I think, called Victor Hugo "the most notorious of nobodies," he was as heretical as he knew how to be, in the circumstances. The ages have hardly had time to give their verdict on Hugo, but the best judges, foreign and domestic, have given theirs, which contradicts that of the reviewer.

Now, accepting the judgment of the ages, and of the best minds, as the test of literary orthodoxy, I may boast that I am no heretic. I believe in the whole creed, in all the great Gods, from Homer to Tennyson, that is, as far as my very limited reading goes. Goethe, Cervantes, Dante, I mainly take in a spirit of faith, not having such familiarity with German, Spanish, and Italian as to justify me in the sin of schism. Even in sips, even in translations, the great Gods are great and worthy of all praise. The ancient classics, thanks to my schoolmaster's assiduity, I *can* read, and, if it be orthodox to admire them, even to idolatry, I am no heretic. But I am a sinner. I read the Greek Anthology more frequently, and with a pleasure more intimate and natural, than I read Æschylus or Sophocles. This is original sin. I know, and do humbly confess, that the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or the *Prometheus*, is, as poetry, worth more than all the tuneful twitters of Meleager, and Rufinus, and Leonidas of Tarentum, and Paulus Silentiarius. I abhor and condemn that heresy of Edgar Poe, that there is no such thing as a good long poem. I worship architectonics and criticism of life, and noble ideas in noble words. But I am a miserable sinner, *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*.

The Old Man, even Adam, in my members, forsakes Sophocles, and hies back to Meleager and Rufinus, to Heliodorus and Rhodocleia. *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* but it is a sin, not a heresy. Besides, we did not read the Anthology at school! Vergil, again, I admire intellectually, and with my heart, but "for human pleasure," I may, in certain moments, prefer Catullus.

Probably my chief heresy, if it be really a heresy, is a distaste (comparatively speaking) for dramatic poetry.

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The Roman comedians I have never been able to read with real enjoyment, nay, they generally bore me. But this, too, is a matter of taste, rather than of opinion. I do not maintain that Plautus is inferior to Lucian, but I read Lucian joyfully, and Plautus only when, for any reason of the literary profession, I cannot help myself. The Restoration Comedy, so highly, and, I doubt not, so justly lauded, I have never read at all. It bores me, and I do not believe in constraining our tastes, or in forced and affected admirations. My conduct is simply criminal, I hope to do better and to have a try at Wycherley. I *may* admire him late in the day, as La Fontaine came late, but with enthusiasm, to Baruch. As to Beaumont and Fletcher, except as lyric poets, I am nearly in the same case. I hold it no heresy to maintain that Shakespeare is an unequal writer—he chose to be so—and that many of his jokes are of a mediæval ineptitude. The plot of *Cymbeline* is absurd; as Madame du Deffand says, it lacks *le sens commun*. The Sonnets contain much contemporary affectation and obscurity. What is great in *Paradise Lost* is the verse, the "organ voice of England," the imagination, the magnificent character of Satan, not the conception of the epic as a whole. That is contemporary, and even sectarian. Dr. Johnson could not stand *Paradise Lost*. I myself prefer, "for human pleasure," Milton's lyrics, sonnets, "Lycidas," "Comus," to his great epic poem, not as rating the latter lower, but as a matter of simple liking. There is, I think, only one epic poet, who forever holds the human attention, in every age and land, and he, of course, is Homer. To believe in him, as a man and a poet, was once orthodox, is now heresy. I may be called a heretic in this opinion; if so, I am a heretic with Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, and all the world, practically, before the French Revolution. For the rest, in Chaucer, Spenser, Coleridge, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, I do most unfeignedly believe, though *parcus cultor*, I confess, of the two earlier poets. As for Byron, if disbelief is a heresy, I am the chief of sinners. I believe in Fielding as, with Scott and Miss Austen, one of the three greatest English novelists. Smollett and Richardson I cannot place so high, even as a matter of intellectual assent, preferring Thackeray. Of them all, Fielding and Miss Austen are the most perfect and blameless, for the vices of Scott are no new discovery—they were blamed by all of his critical contemporaries—and Thackeray does preach too much, is careless of construction (a mere fault of indolence), and, in spite of his unique style, is frequently reckless of grammar. "Tell me not what too well I know," as Landor says of Catullus, but Thackeray's and Scott's are amiable blemishes.

As to the French genius, from the *Song of Roland* to the best things of Gyp, it "has given me medicines to make me love it;" but alas, not to love Corneille, who is as much of a Roman as of a Frenchman. *Video meliora*, in Corneille; I prefer the Abbé Prévost, *deteriora sequor*. If it be a heresy to rate the Icelandic sagamen, or some of them, as only second (at a vast distance) to Homer, then indeed I am a heretic. And certainly I have not the public with me; the public which, to be sure, knows about as much of the *Iliad* as of the *Njala*.

By "literature," the public, and very many critics, mean new novels, a few poems, and works on philosophical subjects they don't understand, by politicians and other noted amateurs.

But I recognise no standard of orthodoxy in the contests of the yearly book-market. We have not reached the proper point in the perspective; our personal likes, dislikes, jealousies, envies, enmities, friendships, are too much with us, for a serious and permanent verdict. Again, we read new books with little thought of comparison, with slight reflection. Thus *Trilby* amused my vulgar taste extremely when I read it, but I never thought of seriously applying to it a literary touch-stone. It was enough that Mr. Du Maurier, that most deeply regretted man and artist, gave me a happy day. We cannot apply literary touch-stones, standards, comparisons, in a hurry, and, without the possession of such standards in wide reading, ancient and modern, I do not see how we can be critics at all. This opinion also may be a heresy, in our age; it is, however, one to which I am wedded. Indeed, I am conscious of a hundred defects in taste—it is a great defect to be indifferent to the drama; it is, perhaps, another to hate tracts dis-

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guised as novels—but, as a matter of intellectual assent, I think that the opinion of the ages and of the best minds is, almost invariably, correct. Against that never may I raise the heels of private judgment.

Nothing can be more orthodox than these conclusions. A sinner I am, of the darkest dye ; but not a heretic. I read modern novels more frequently, alas, than I read Spenser, and Stubbs and Froude more often than Clarendon, and Macaulay in preference to Titus Livius. The spirit, like Barkis, "is willing" (I am heretical enough to admire Dickens), the flesh is weaker than water. I am like an orthodox but lax brigand of the Abruzzi, yet orthodox I am :

"Even in this faith I choose to live and die"

Andrew Lang.

THE FAIR LITTLE COLLEEN.

"There is one at the door, Wolfe O'Driscoll,
At the door, who is bidding you come!"
"Who is he that wakes me in the darkness,
Calling when all the world's dumb?"

"Six horses has he to his carriage,
Six horses blacker than the night,
And their twelve red eyes in the shadows
Twelve lamps he carries for his light ;

"And his coach is a coffin black and mouldy,
A huge black coffin open wide :
He asks for your soul, Wolfe O'Driscoll,
Who is calling at the door outside."

"Who let him thro' the gates of my gardens,
Else no entry the strong bolts gave?"
"'Twas the father of the fair little colleen
You drove to her heart-broke grave."

"And who let him pass through the courtyard,
By loosening the bar and the chain?"
"Oh, who but the brother of the colleen
Who lies in the cold and the rain!"

"Then who drew the latch at the portal,
And into my house bade him go?"
"She, the mother of the poor, sweet colleen,
Who lies in her youth so low."

"What is here, that he dare not enter,
Stands the doors of my chamber between?"
"Ah, the ghost of the fair little colleen,
Herself from the churchyard green."

Dora Sigerson.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE SEVEN SEAS.*

The *Seven Seas* is a garland of poems and songs more or less nautical, to which is hung a pendant of over a dozen new *Barrack-room Ballads*. I have examined it with wonder, reluctant admiration, repulsion, dismay. And, worse, I have promised to write about it—to write about admitted masterpieces which are utterly out of my line, which I can neither understand nor appreciate, which violate the literary principles which I hold most dear. How can I write with even justice—how write anything whatever to the purpose concerning works of genius which it is my wish and fixed intention always to ignore? One can be many-sided; to be every-sided is to be a mass of protoplasm or a humbug. I feel—I almost know—that my first principles are right; but I own that when they are outraged, some chemical process takes place—some effervescence, ebullition, or what not—and a mist of indifference or even prejudice is evolved to blind me to the real merits of the subject under analysis. To be perfectly catholic one must believe everything a little, but nothing very much. One critic is born a Catholic; another a Protestant. Each are useful beacons in their way: the one a steady reflector, too often, perhaps, a revolving light; the other an intermittent flash, which at least serves to measure the darkness. Prejudice is, of course, highly reprehensible, but, after all, is not without its sweet uses. No doubt if we have strong and solid reasons for disliking a work, we ought to stifle that dislike and try to take a proper interest, to put ourself in the author's place, to look out for beauties, to keep our noses against the grindstone until we feel a pleasurable friction, and so on; but we don't—and won't. Not in literature only—in everything. Thus, machinery—I admit it as an ugly, wholesome fact, but ignore it all I can. To this day I have contrived to remain blessedly ignorant of how the steam works the engine. This is prejudice, but surely harmless; for what concern have I in machines? Why should I admire them against the grain? You lure me down into the engine-room. You explain, you expatiate. I smile, I nod, I compliment, I even put in an intelligent inquiry—for courtesy makes hypocrites of us all; and you think I am vastly interested. But I am not even listening. Furtively closing my eyes against the stupid, shuddering, slavish cranks, and my nostrils against the smell, the smell, the hateful, modern, utilitarian, economically defensible smell, I muse upon white decks and pitchy fragrances, and saffron skies fretted by the slender spars and diaper cordage of the good ships of old.

Well, all this is something more than illustration, and comes near to being an allegory. For what I say to the mechanical enthusiast I would say to Mr. Kipling, if I dared. His earlier prose works, down to *Many Inventions*, I studied with enthusiasm and eulogised in many columns. Of his later prose I have read nothing; of his poetry but a few fragments. And now I find it just what I feared—as clever, as powerful, as utterly inadmissible, beyond my comprehension and remote from my sympathies. Others are more fortunate. Among the appended advertisements I seem to catch at a straw. "The *Barrack-room Ballads*," says a critic, "teem with imagination, they palpitate with emotion. We read them with laughter and tears; the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?" What is? Why, merely all the poetry of all the great poets—the poets whose themes, whose treatment, and whose language were all entirely poetical. With more point might we ask, If the poetry from Homer downward which universal criticism has sanctioned be really poetry, what then is this new school of blood and iron, of slang and profanity? The New Poetry is no more poetry than the New Woman is a woman, or New Caledonia a land o' cakes. It leaves me strangely indifferent. Granted that it "teems with imagination," often grandiose and rich, sometimes, alas, undisciplined and extravagant, I cannot hear it "palpitate

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 50.

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with emotion," but only throb with the mechanical beat of a high-pressure engine. I shed no tear—not once did I laugh—just now and then a smile at some brilliant flash of wit. The metres are well enough—often modelled on Mr. Swinburne's—but the words are too "cunningly ordered" to "tingle with life" in unsophisticated ears. Many of them I do not understand—the slang, the shibboleths of the forecastle and the barrack-room, the colonial phrases and allusions, not even all the archaic and far-fetched words which Mr. Kipling loves to revive. Sometimes the "cunning order" seems due to the exigencies of the "throbbing metre," and the result is obscurity and mystification. Alas, this straw avails not! The critic affords no ideas that I dare purloin and adapt.

There remain my careful notes on the several poems. The fire alone shall digest them. For what sincerity can harbour in the less or more of praise doled out to the details of a whole which one dislikes and deplores? Nothing seems left but to hold one's peace, or to hint very briefly—to lay down and substantiate them would require many pages—the grounds of my dissent from the main principles of this new school of poetry.

There is here no question as to those pieces in which Mr. Kipling adheres to orthodox poetical traditions, as in dignified lyrics like his "Dedication" and "Song of Battle," or in such brilliant *jeux d'esprit* as the "Neolithic Age" and the first half of the "Three-Decker," where he compares well with Hood and Praed. My remarks point only to those poems which exhibit most strongly his peculiar powers, tastes, and individuality.

Now, first, as to his spirit, his attitude to men and things as shown in his selection of subjects and the treatment thereof. Suppose we call it the Brutal-Human spirit, of course in no offensive sense. It seems to me that his peculiar province, the domain where he was first pioneer, and will long reign supreme, is the Brute-Man, or Man-Brute, whichever name you prefer. This to his praise—nay, to his supreme glory. For in all men the brute is a part, in many a large part, in some the whole. And to recognise, to teach, to convince, as he has done, that such men are not necessarily less worthy than dogs and horses, that the brute in man is, after all, a noble animal in its way—this is a solid service to morals and to literature. Mr. Bret Harte and his followers (among them Stevenson in his *Wrecker* and *Ebb Tide*) are scarcely rivals; they charmed but did not convince at all. Their Sentimental Ruffian (in whom I have but sparingly believed) is always a refined, sensitive gentleman by birth or by instinct, who has gone to the bad and got crusted over. Mr. Kipling's function is to cut down to the Natural Man through all disguises, and in his conscientious, sternly righteous surgery he rarely fails. But, as I feared long since, he is going and will go too far, carrying the public also with him. His marvellous pictures, so vivid, impressive, and convincing, must perforce tend to make us not only condone, but positively admire the lawless force, the furious passions, the sordid vulgarity, the wildly picturesque sins of the Brute-Man. When reading his greatest tales I felt this as much as you, and, like you, flattered myself by saying: "Away with squeamish prudery! This is honest; this is true; this is natural. Why be ashamed of it?" Were we quite sincere? Did not our enthusiasm savour of the decadence? When in our easy-chairs we gloated over the murderous frays, the hellish frenzies and the mortal agonies, did not the down-turned thumbs of the Roman amphitheatre warn us? More I will not say. But just this much, that the Man which Mr. Kipling has revealed to us is but a part of Humanity—a fine, an interesting, a sympathetic part, but surely not the best part, nor that upon which it profits the multitude to dwell too fondly.

But the main point is this. Mr. Kipling's aims and methods being what they are, prose, not poetry, is his only fit vehicle—prose, which can express fully everything high and low, not poetry, which can only express a few things, though it expresses them exquisitely. Now, is it narrowing too strictly the definition of poetry to put comic and serio-comic songs and the whole music-hall minstrelsy outside the pale? Ought we even to admit satirical verses in the vernacular like the "Biglow Papers"? Or songs which, being aimed to catch the fancy and to be adopted by the vulgar for their pleas-

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ure, instruction, and inspiration, are larded with vulgarisms of thought and expression? As to these last I might be doubtful if I thought that Mr. Kipling's soldier-songs were actually displacing the pompous old favourites, such as the "Tired Soldier" and the "British Grenadiers."* Now his poems nearly all come under one of the above heads—most under the serio-comic. As such I have not a word to say against them. My sole, but strenuous objection is that by many (as by the critic quoted above) they are regarded as serious poetry, and that in some unmistakable but indefinable way (apart from orthodox print and binding) they do seem to regard themselves as such. Mr. Kipling is, or pretends to be, so much in earnest; he weaves in so many fine fancies among his deliberate deformities; he at unexpected moments assumes such high ground. I firmly believe that he does mean it for poetry, and has formed some theory of naturalistic composition which I humbly deplore. Narrow verse and raise prose—is our safest maxim. Poetry should never reflect the sordid ideas and coarse expressions of vulgar minds. It can stoop at times with Wordsworth to childlike simplicity, but never to slang; it is powerless to depict low life, because its very nature must destroy the impression of actuality which alone justifies the choice of such subjects. Take one instance—Mr. Kipling's longest, most ambitious piece, "The Mary Gloster." It is built on two bad models, Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Northern Farmer." Now literary usage and a sense of fitness allow Œnone and Tithonus to reel off their impassioned soliloquies in perfect metre, but how does the vernacular garrulity of a prosaic, shrewd, old money-maker gain by being tortured into verse? It loses the veracity of prose without becoming poetry. But the last dying speech (eleven pages long) of old Gloster is more flagrant. As a prose study it would have been admirable, though his sentimental craze about the funeral is inconsistent with his business character. Sir Anthony is an ignorant, sordid, vulgar, obscene, impenitent villain, who has made himself and his millions by fraud and avarice. To his genteel son he groans out the tale of his triumphant crimes and sordid grievances; every idea, every image is mean, every expression coarse or revolting. Now I grant that nearly all he says, such a man might and would have said, but, be sure, he would never have said it in rhyme. A grovelling soul without one ray of romance (for the funeral craze was only superstitious monomania), he is valuable only from the realistic veracity of his presentation, and that illusion of veracity is utterly destroyed, when with his last breath he persists in versifying his slang and ribaldry. And yet it has been asked—"If this be not poetry, what is?"

Let this one instance suffice of the error which lies at the root of Mr. Kipling's system. Compared to this his other faults are trifling. Among them is the daring familiarity, in many eyes amounting to profanity, which marked his "Tomlinson," and reappears in the "Last Chantey." There is also a tendency to stereotype the protest against prudery, and to keep up the high-pressure flesh-and-blood tone, by not only calling a spade a spade, but by flourishing one every now and then as a sort of standard, and by an ostentatious coarseness of allusion to the venerable mysteries of generation and maternity, which, after all, is more boyish than manly. That the volume is full of ability, of knowledge of men, of insight, of powerful expression, even of several of the elements which conspire to make great poetry, goes without saying, so I have not troubled to say it. That the author could write such poetry is very possible, but only by adopting new subjects and new methods. My concern has been only with the salient truth which seems to leap to light from every page—namely, that those phases of humanity and its environment which he has made peculiarly his own, and which, revealed in his magic prose, assume well-nigh the glamour of poetry, sink, when weighted with the trammels of verse even by fingers dexterous as his, beneath prose to the level of serio-comic extravaganza.

Y. Y.

* I have since been informed by a dragoon just returned from India and Egypt that while Mr. Kipling's stories are highly appreciated in the barrack-room (my informant seemed well versed in most of them) the ballads are neglected. "What we sing are the latest songs out, and a few of the old things."

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ROCHEFORT AND BOULANGER.*

The last part of the Rochefort memoirs—that is to say, the whole of Volume V. of the French edition—is devoted to a review of the famous Boulanger episode. As is well known, Rochefort was the General's confidant and adviser throughout that serio-comic affair, and he was, therefore, in a better position than any one else to know the true inside history of those famous intrigues which cost Boulanger his life and Rochefort himself six years of exile. It is doubtful, however, that M. Rochefort has told all he knows. In fact, the memoirs reveal little that is not already public property. M. Rochefort would, in truth, have no interest in disclosing facts that could only incriminate himself.

He begins by enumerating the causes that led to the General's enormous popularity with the masses—a popularity that nearly placed him in the Palace of the Elysée as President or Military Dictator. There were, he says, two causes for this. First, the unpopularity and incapacity of the existing Ferry Ministry, whom the mob held responsible for all France's colonial troubles; second, Boulanger's unequivocal attitude and language toward the hereditary enemy Germany, and also his vigorous and humanitarian reforms while Minister of War. He permitted the soldiers to wear beards and to go to bed later than eight o'clock. He moved to other cities regiments that by favouritism had been allowed to be garrisoned in one place for fourteen consecutive years. "These measures," declares the journalist, "aroused the fury of the reactionaries, and made a popular idol of the man."

Concerning the General as a soldier and a patriot, Rochefort has this to say:

"I, who was the recipient of all Boulanger's secrets, and before whom he unbosomed himself all the more freely because he knew I was incapable of betraying him—I feel it my duty to declare that all the judgments formed regarding him, even the most favourable, are almost completely erroneous. Politics were an indisputable means with him, but entirely secondary. His aim, and the only one he pursued obstinately, was revenge for our disasters and the repossession of our two lost provinces. He waited only for the moment when, having entirely reorganized the army, he could find an opportunity to put himself at its head and march against the enemy."

Rochefort did not meet Boulanger for some time after the latter's popularity began, and as the pamphleteer was ever eager to seize upon anything or anybody to discredit the government, he was quick to see how a man like Boulanger could be induced to attempt even the wildest schemes. Rochefort seems plausible enough when one is reading him, but his whole career shows him to have been in conflict with every form of government—imperial and republican—and to have had no consistent policy of his own. In other words, Rochefort is an irresponsible meddler in politics, and a dangerous one because of his clever pen.

"I had seen Boulanger only once before he was made Minister," he writes. "The support I gave him in *L'Intransigéant* was, therefore, purely a matter of policy. It was only on the day following the inauguration of the Cercle Militaire, at which he presided, that I was taken to him. After referring in complimentary terms to the magnificent ovation given him by the crowds in the street the previous evening, I gave him this bitter pill to swallow: 'You may be sure that you are eating the best dishes now. I know what popularity is. You'll pay for all these acclamations one day. They will call you traitor and robber; they will insist that you wanted to poison your father so as to inherit quicker. I, myself, after having been borne aloft in triumph, have been accused of burglary and of robbing church poor-boxes.' Boulanger laughed. Yet the troubles I prophesied then were far less than those that came."

When the Schnabele incident took place, Boulanger was the man of the hour. War with Germany seemed inevitable; the *brav' général* and his black horse were hailed as the saviours of France.

"I was among the first," says Rochefort, "to hasten to the General to gather particulars concerning the outrage, and find out what our government proposed to do. I found Boulanger perfectly calm, like a man who has taken a supreme resolution and will not go beyond the limit that he himself has attributed to reconciliation. When I entered he was standing at the door of his office. He closed the door and said: 'If they really mean war, they will always be able to provoke it, even during negotiations. We must therefore mobilise without the loss of a moment's time.' And, in fact, while I was with him he rang his bell ten times to send off messengers with orders. I received, therefore, from my visit the disquieting impression that an absolute rupture with Germany hung only by a thread. And, I am free to confess, Boulanger appeared so full of ardour and so disposed

* Les Aventures de Ma Vie. Par Henri Rochefort. Tome v. Paris: Paul Dupont.
The Adventures of My Life. By Henri Rochefort. Eng. trans. 2 vols. New York: Edward Arnold. $7.50.

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to go ahead that I could not help sharing his enthusiasm."

The extraordinary ovations given to the General by the Parisians alarmed the government beyond measure, and Boulanger was banished to Clermont Ferrand. "This step," says Rochefort, "made a martyr of the General, and founded Boulangism."

"France," writes the journalist, "which believed itself preserved for a long time from military incapacity and dishonest politics, objected to the shameful yoke that the government tried to impose on it, and Boulanger thus became the centre and the pivot of the opposition which arose on every side. The real cause of the government's apprehension was its conviction that if a pretender ventured to undertake an attempt to strangle the Republic, he might be met at the railway station by the same hundred and fifty thousand patriots who made the ovation to the general."

As will be remembered, Boulanger's name was mixed up in the scandal regarding the traffic in the cross of the Legion of Honour, in which Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, was implicated. Rochefort is emphatic in defending Boulanger from the charge. He says:

"It was an infamous and, above all, a stupid calumny. And who was it that started these revolting insinuations; who spread the gossip? General Ferron himself, who, in his quality as Minister of War, should have defended the officer whom he had appointed to the command of the Thirteenth Corps."

Now comes the first "revelation" of the book, the story of how Rochefort and his friends tried to secure power by stratagem. President Grévy had been more than compromised by his son-in-law's escapades. The old man could not succeed in forming a ministry to replace the Rouvier Ministry, which had tried to save Wilson, and resignation appeared to be the only way out of the dilemma. Then the plotters decided to act.

"The election of Ferry to the Presidency seemed imminent," writes Rochefort. "That would be disaster which we must do all to avert. We met at the house of Georges Laguerre, in the Rue Saint Honoré. There were present Laisant, Andrieux, Boulanger, and myself. Clémenceau was also at the meeting, which lasted until three in the morning, and constituted what has since been called 'the historical night,' although we made no pretension to make it part of history. They have pretended to consider our deliberations as the result of a plot. In reality nothing but perfectly legal proceedings were plotted then. We simply wished to wriggle through one of the numerous mothholes in the Constitution. This is what it was: 'When a Ministry has fallen, which happens frequently in our country, it remains at its post to attend to current business until the President succeeds in organising another. Now there is no limit to this state of affairs. The Rouvier Cabinet had just fallen. M. Grévy had the right to wait fifteen days, a month, three months before finding a substitute. It was on this faculty that we based ourselves to organise the *coup* that we were meditating, and which, by unhoped for accident, would have been revolutionary without ceasing to be constitutional. Freycinet, Clémenceau, and a few others having declined the mission to form a cabinet on the *débris* of that just fallen, we presented one to old Grévy, as follows:

"Boulanger for War.
"Laisant for Education.
"Laguerre for Justice.

"On condition of adhering to this list, Father Grévy was secured in the only thing he really cared about—his maintenance at the Elysée. He would send away his son-in-law, and we would present ourselves before the Chamber with a declaration promising constitutional revision in the broadest sense, which implied the suppression of the Senate. We would ask Parliament for a vote of confidence, which, naturally, would be refused by an overwhelming majority. But, although overthrown, Grévy would be entitled to keep us to attend to current business. If the Chamber and the Senate attempted to drag us from our ministerial benches, they would be guilty of sedition. We should be compelled to move the seat of the government to Versailles, and the Parisian population, which never tired of acclaiming Boulanger, being incontestably with us, the parliamentarians would soon be where we wished them to be. Boulanger, who was then in Paris on military business, and was to return to his command at Clermont the following day, was present at these deliberations without taking part.

"Clémenceau, who could not reconcile our anti-parliamentary schemes with his ideas concerning the tribune and legality, showed plainly that night his intention to break definitely with Boulanger, whom he seemed to regard as outside of any solution. When the plan, to which only Grévy's consent was necessary, was definitely settled, I took, I remember, a sheet of paper, on which I wrote down the names of the future ministers as fast as we appointed them. Andrieux undertook to go and propose the list to the old tenant of the Elysée, to whom the Chamber had given notice to quit, and who asked nothing better than to renew his lease. If he entered into our views, instead of the message of resignation that was hourly expected at the Palais Bourbon and the Luxembourg, he would issue a sort of proclamation to the country, in which he would declare that he had finally constituted a Ministry with which he was in perfect sympathy, and which would appear that very day before Parliament."

Grévy, however, refused to be hoodwinked. He replied:

"All I can see in the offers you make me is that you don't want to serve me, but to use me. Once the masters, nothing would be easier for

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you than to crush me, and it is probable that you would not hesitate."

"In which," adds the journalist with amusing frankness, "the old gentleman was not mistaken."

Meanwhile Boulanger's popularity with the masses increased steadily. The air was full of rumours of plots and *coups d'état*. The General became candidate for the Department of the Nord, and was elected to the Chamber by the enormous majority of 172,500 votes. Rochefort says:

"That election inaugurated the series of triumphant scrutins which were to avenge the ex-minister for all the base iniquities with which he had been pursued."

Rochefort confesses that he himself wrote most of the General's startling manifestoes. He writes:

"I had rented for the summer a charming little villa, situated in the Bois de Boulogne, at the entrance to the Suresnes Bridge, and almost every morning the General came out on horseback to pay me a visit, accompanied by Count Dillon. They sometimes lunched with my family and me in the garden, and afterward we sat down and prepared manifestoes or replies necessitated by the incessant attacks against him. I usually wrote the replies, and Alfred Naquet wrote the longer speeches. It was Naquet who elaborated together with Boulanger the projects of revision which the general read before the Chamber, and which brought Floquet to the tribune to pronounce his epigram, celebrated for its inanity, 'At your age Napoleon was dead.'"

The crisis and also the end came with the elections of 1889. Boulanger opposed the ministerial candidate Jacques, and the latter was smothered under. Boulanger was the most popular man in France. Something was expected of him at any moment. A march on the Elysée and the proclamation of a military dictatorship was rumoured. Whether Boulanger at any time seriously entertained this idea will probably never be known. Rochefort certainly does not enlighten us, nor do we think he is sincere when he says:

"A *coup d'état* is the act of a government which employs the military and civil forces under its authority to overthrow a Constitution to which it has sworn obedience. Boulanger, not being a Minister, nor even a soldier, and having for him not only his popularity in Paris, but all over French territory, would not have committed any crime in permitting himself to be carried to power on the wave of popularity."

If that were his ambition, Boulanger was not strong enough to live up to it, for he fled to Belgium directly he heard that a warrant for his arrest had been issued. Regarding his sad end, Rochefort says:

'Later Boulanger took Madame de Bonnemain, who had grown worse, to Brussels, and after a few weeks I received the following telegram: 'All is over. I am very unhappy.' During the two months that separated this death from his own, the general lived as if in a trance. For fear of alarming his family, who suspected his intention, he strained himself to affect gaiety, saying, 'Come, let's sit down to dinner. I'm horribly hungry.' Then he would sit before his plate and play with the food with his fork. . . . He promised his niece that he would not kill himself during the month of October. It was then September 28th. He kept his word, for it was September 29th, in the morning, that he blew his brains out."

A. H.

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.*

There is a certain professional advantage to a new poet in being anonymous as well as deceased. The proclivity of Mabel Loomis Todd for editing the dead, while it is not so valuable to the literary world in this instance as in that of Emily Dickinson, cannot be said to have been misdirected. There are some very good lines in *A Cycle of Sonnets*, though the name is somewhat astronomical and ambitious for this very modest little flight of song.

"As print of noiseless centuries is shown
On the veined crystal—so, dear, I would lead
Through my soul's eras to its present need;
You are so dear to me that you have known
How each new vein within my heart has grown,
Wrought from the force of pain—nor do I heed
That side by side with pain this joy you read,"

is representative of the memorial spirit, the almost historic dignity of a passion that has come to admire itself after many years of brooding.

Under the title of *Skenandoa* Mr. Clinton Scollard has written upon scenes of carnage in an Indian fight of 1741, some gentle and pleasant lines exhibiting a repose in the presence of danger, which

* A Cycle of Sonnets. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Roberts Brothers. $1.25.
Skenandoa. By Clinton Scollard. $1.25.
Daphne. Three Acts of Singing Nonsense. By Marguerite Merington. The Century Co. $1.25.
The Garden of Dreams. By Madison Cawein. John P. Morton & Co.

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has been popularly attributed heretofore to generals rather than to poets. Mr. Scollard is not at his best in this more or less conscious attempt to do something epic and historic, and it is to be feared that the spirit of the notes which in an inadvertent and unpoetic moment he allowed to be published at the end, has not been confined successfully to the last few pages. His friends have reason to listen for better minstrelsy from Mr. Scollard. They will look forward to the time when he drops his autoharp and resumes his lyre.

Our grandsires little suspected that the miracle play would come to this:

"We are little shepherdesses
Copied out of books of beauty,
Combing out our golden tresses
Is our pleasing duty!

"Toying with our little crookses,
Singing slow-time, singing fast-time,
Wading in Arcadian brookses,
Is our pleasant pastime,"

or that the dignified and long-honoured figure of the devil would degenerate into the Fat Fairy of Marguerite Merington's *Daphne*.

"I act as psychical buffer
'Twixt mortals and fate.
Ah! sweet is the balm of my drolling,
My rallying, quizzical cheer;
Ah! sweet is the task of consoling
At so much a year."

Criticism, as is intimated in the introduction of this very clever singing nonsense, being "knocked into a cocked hat," by the serene and baffling location of the scene in Arcadia, it is only becoming in us to admit at the outset that the dramatic editor of the Arcadian Bookman is the one man in the universe fit to comment upon these very lively lines. But we have had to read them through, and we have our rights. Some of the puns would be very bad even in Arcadia, and the *abandon* of the frivolity would be much heightened in effect by a richer intellectual element in the background and a more manifold satire and cross-reference to life. As a caricature of German opera the little comedy is at its best. It is also interesting as illustrating to the public at large the essential nature of the stage drama in distinction from the literary. Miss Merington has omitted enough ideas to leave room for the music and the stage setting, and her readers will look forward to seeing on the stage itself the missionary-joy of a real live Fiji monarch, and hearing the songs of the Arcadian shepherdesses as they sing for the continuance of their frivolous lives.

The minor poet who has the daring to face the public with a bold, unexpurgated volume of his scattered work runs the risk of revealing the breadth and scope of his minority. Mr. Cawein's occasional poems have all had the advantage of the great, healthy setting of American common sense, and seeing one at a time in the dreary reaches of under imaginative prose, they have seemed to have a reason for existing, to add in their very extremeness a grace to the general effect of our literary expression. By no means lacking in a very real personality, and not without the spirit of delight in beauty which does much to relieve his faults, Mr. Cawein's work as a whole reveals at the slightest glance a strained and labouring muse hastening breathless through the world for words. The spiritual intensity, which in other men makes the most acceptable balance for this orthographical tirelessness, this stress of phrasing, is not to be found in Mr. Cawein, and the popular habit among minor poets of going about and glaring at nature everywhere for analogies is fatally fixed upon him.

The most obvious revelation of the present volume is the narrowness of the poet's imagination. While his verse is a revel in stars and moons, Mr. Cawein is singularly lacking in the atmosphere of vastness which belongs to these long-recognised tenants of the poet's soul and the heavens. Not possessed of such power as there may be in a moral imagination, the sense of an urgent personal life permeating all his vision, Mr. Cawein is wanting in the resource of mystery. His imagination is uninfinite. He shuts life in with his sky instead of letting it out. His stars have never the awful beauty that makes them face in the greater moods of men the other way. They shine, but in "mossy dells." With a mind that is almost morbidly out-doors, he seems to dwell in a continuous dampness of dews, and an endless, unremitting wind blows through every page.

But passing over the wilful figures that flock through his lines, and forgiving him his child sky, his lack of poetic

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feeling in publishing poems in a single volume, many of which would have been individually very beautiful, it is a delight to acknowledge the minor originality that invests them all, the beauty of a fancy which, though it lacks the humour to judge itself, wanders through the few experiences of the poet to give them often a distinction which no one can overlook.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S "NEW BALLADS."*

For most of us the best poetry is the poetry which compels happiness, either by its message or its art. A Whitman touches up the lagging spirit like a tonic. An ode by Keats inspires the inexplicable inward delight that "thrill" is a poor word for. Putting John Davidson to the test of message, he is disappointing. Now and then he has voiced a sort of Hill-Topperism which seemed to suggest that something lay heavy on his mind, but he has too much pagan blood in him to linger long on such a theme, and though the divinity of all sexual love is the last word in his *New Ballads*, one is reluctant to believe that his pen is most naturally compelled by such a sentiment. What he suffers from is the Scots disease of metaphysics. And when Mr. Davidson is metaphysical he is minor. A certain strenuousness or austerity also governs most of his moods; not as the linnet sings does he get to work, but in the exhortative tones of a new evangelist—a provincial one at a street corner on a Sunday night. You would give the world for a jocund hint, but jocundity is not on the cards. Even the manifestations of the seasons are but symbols to such an one. Certain prose papers of Mr. Davidson's proved conclusively that he is *en rapport* with nature, a lover of fields, a student of starshine; and yet in these seventeen sets of verse in his latest book, there is, from first to last, scant evidence of wholesome sympathy with any natural phenomena outside the admittedly wondrous mind of man. You turn to "A Spring Day" and "A Song of the Road," hoping for a relief from the painful tension of "The Artist's Wife" and "A Woman and her Son;" and you find the Spring song, for all its beauty, utterly lacking the lilt of hope which may be conventional but at least is comforting, and the "Song of the Road" resolves itself into an allegory of life and its broad and narrow ways—very magnificent but dolorous withal. Pegasus in truth was seldom straddled by more melancholy a knight. This objection may be, and probably is, purely temperamental, and there are, fortunately for Mr. Davidson, many who will doubtless derive a sad, sweet joy from the under-current of gloom which is in a ballad like "Piper, Play!"—

> "Now the furnaces are out,
> And the aching anvils sleep;
> Down the road the grimy rout
> Tramples homeward, twenty deep.
> Piper, play! Piper, play!
> Though we be o'erlaboured men;
> Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
> Let us foot it once again."

Yet he would be blind and soulless who would deny that "taking him bye and large" Mr. Davidson is a poet of eminent rank. His failing is the failing of intensity, which is a quality some of his gushing contemporaries have sadly to seek, and if his mental outlook often gives us the vapours, his art and fancy convey the essential happiness. There is hardly a page of this little book on which you do not drop upon thoughts the most delicious, suggestions so startling and direct that they immediately convince you of a hard thinker behind them, whose touch upon the average chord is confident and correct. The "Ballad of the Artist's Wife," the "Ballad of a Workman," "A Mother and her Son," and "The Ballad of Tannhäuser" include his finest flights, and are, apart from their informing sentiment, supremely excellent. The first-named tells of a struggling artist who deserts his wife because

> "At length he looked her in the face,
> And lo! a woman old and plain!"

leaving her with children, for whom she wrought till she died. He followed them to Paradise, where he found his soul saved by the vicarious sacrifice of his wife on earth—a daring conclusion, but neither human nor divine justice. "The Mother and her Son" are obviously Scots, for they dispute over theological dogma at the woman's death-

* New Ballads. By John Davidson. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

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bed. "Both were bigots, fateful souls that plague the gentle world." A grimy but splendid performance, with lines in it which spell genius in every word :

"He set his teeth and saw his mother die.
Outside a city reveller's tipsy tread
Severed the silence with a jagged rent ;
The tall lamps flickered through the sombre street,
With yellow light hiding the stainless stars ;
In the next house a child awoke and cried ;
Far off a clank and clash of shunting trains
Broke out and ceased, as if the fettered world
Started and shook its irons in the night."

Except the "jagged rent" in the silence—which is ingenious but extravagant—this is distinctly fine, and the poem is full of material equally good. Admirable in almost all respects, too, is the "Ballad of the Poet Born," whose harp rusted while he did his duty as he understood it (metaphysics again !), herding and ploughing to feed a mother and sisters who were none the better for his sacrifice. And when his leisure-time came his gift was gone, only responding once—to his swan-song, when

"——he sang of dawn and dusk,
Of midnight and of noon ;
* * * * *
"He sang of peace and work that bless
The simple and the sage ;
He sang of hope and happiness,
He sang the Golden Age."

Here, if anywhere, does Mr. Davidson relax his mood melancholic ; and had he given us no more than this, and perhaps the dainty verses on "A Frosty Morning" and the flashing impressionism of "Winter Rain," he had still claims on our gratitude.

Neil Munro.

THE EDUCATION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.*

Mr. Halleck's book is the outcome of the work done during the past few decades in the localisation of brain functions, or in establishing the relation between certain sensory and motor functions, and corresponding brain centres. It is an attempt to apply the results, real or supposed, to practical education. The whole idea of the book is to shape the education of boys and girls so as to conform with the theories of brain functions and their localisation, and thus to secure the proper brain development to meet the demands upon it. The theory upon which the author's educational system is based is that certain sensory and motor functions of the organism are definitely connected with certain centres of the brain, and can be successfully performed only when those centres are properly developed. To develop them it is proposed to shape educational methods so that the stimulus may operate upon the appropriate centre, and following the general principle of exercise, develop it for better service in the same direction.

The first chapter prepares us for this reconstruction of educational methods, by giving a complete and comparatively satisfactory account of the results in physiological science regarding the connection between brain centres and mental functions ; and having to face the possible accusation of maintaining a mechanical philosophy for mental phenomena, sensory and motor, the author takes the bull by the horns in the second chapter, and shows how many of the bodily actions actually conform to mechanical laws ; in other words, how much of a machine we really are—that is, how dependent certain thoughts and actions are upon adequately developed brain-centres, which observation and experiment have shown or presumably shown to be connected with them. The whole idea is built upon this theory, which may be briefly illustrated in such facts as the connection of aphasia with the temporal lobes of the brain, of vision with the occipital lobes, of voluntary motor action with the region about the fissure of Rolando. These with many similar phenomena suggest a theory of development that has been powerfully confirmed by Professor Donaldson's post mortem examination of the brain of Laura Bridgman, who became blind, deaf, and dumb at a very early age, before any of her mental capabilities could begin their proper development. The centres that were rendered incapable of exercise by her misfortune were atrophied and defective. The conclusion is and was that we must secure the proper exercise for the centres to be "educated" in order to fit them for their proper work in mature life.

The general spirit of the work, as well as some of its direct insinuations,

* The Education of the Central Nervous System By Reuben Post Halleck, M.A. New York : The Macmillan Company.

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is that our methods of education require complete overhauling in deference to the physiological and evolutionistic doctrine here laid down. But for myself, I do not see any reason for so much enthusiasm in this line of suggestion. There is undoubtedly a grain of important truth in the author's plan, but it is very much magnified in respect to its capacity for producing great results. It falls well into line with two facts in modern educational methods: (1) Manual training, and (2) physical culture. But I shall venture to say that without the sympathetic support from these two tendencies, the suggestions here made would not receive much attention from any one. They also appropriate the sympathies of all who are ready to attack traditional methods in anything, though they do not know the ground upon which the new proposals rest. But aside from these influences, we do not see that the doctrine of the connection between certain functions and the relative development of the brain-centres is definite enough to support any such proposals in educational methods, especially if they insinuate the need of radical changes. In the first place, we are terribly in the dark about the relation between brain and intelligence. Is it quantitative or qualitative? Is the quantity of intelligence related directly to the quantity of the brain as a whole, or to its quality? Or is intelligence divided up into special kinds and correlated with the special development of certain centres? Or is the quantity of intelligence, general or special, correlated with the complexity and quality of the brain? These are questions that are still variously debated to-day, and before we propose systems of education to develop brain power we must be sure that we have an answer to the correct question. If, as appears from Professor Donaldson's book, quoted freely by the author, the quantity of intelligence is more probably correlated with the quality and complex structure of the brain, the author's proposed reforms cannot hope for much result. If we can act upon the simple maxim that exercise increases the size and efficiency of the organ concerned, the task is very easy, and the case of Laura Bridgman seems a very simple one in favour of such a system. But there are several facts here to be considered which the popular mind does not notice: (1) Though the want of exercise in vision, hearing, etc., in her case may have resulted in partial atrophy, would the normal exercise have produced as much increase above the natural size of the centre as the lack of it is supposed to have caused a decrease of it? (2) If exercise counts for so much, why are we not able to produce better results than we do with the feeble-minded? (3) Does not the remarkable difference between the two occipital lobes, here mentioned by the author, in the case of Laura Bridgman, corresponding as it does to the difference of time in the loss of sight between the two eyes, though both were lost very early—does not this very difference show that the development is not due mainly to experience or exercise, but to other conditions? The fact is, that in this and all other cases the quality of mind and brain is a more important fact than any amount of exercise, and without it exercise counts for very little, in so far as physical effect at the one point is concerned.

Moreover, this whole question of the localisation of brain functions is not so definitely answered as is implied by the author. A great many experiments seem to make the matter perfectly clear; but, then, others nullify the clear conclusions deducible from these. For instance, it was tolerably agreed for awhile that motor reactions were located about the fissure of Rolando, and that the intellectual functions were carried on in the frontal lobes of the brain. But later experiments seem to show that consciousness may be connected with the motor centres, and if I mistake not, a motor reaction has been obtained from the occipital lobes, which, until this was obtained, were supposed to be purely sensory. Then there is the fact of the restitutions of function in vicarious centres. All these facts decidedly fix limits to the fruitfulness of a system of education founded on the idea that each sensory or motor centre has its own appropriate means of education. Exercise has its value, and it may increase the size of brain centres, but there are undoubtedly such limits to this influence as to require a little humility when proposing so large a scheme as is here suggested. When quality and complexity of brain are added to quantity as desiderata in the problem, we shall find that

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we require more than the maxim of the relation between exercise and the amount of brain to satisfy the terms of the problem. This fact is simply crucial to the whole case, and the need of a means to produce quality and complexity of brain is well illustrated in the feeble-minded who do not lack in education, but make less progress than many who have no education at all. I am afraid we have the old problem of creating mind before us, and not in creating brain when the mind is given, and if this be the case our workshop is defective in materials.

But suppose the simple maxim of exercise satisfies the terms of the problem, are the objections to our present system of intellectual and physical culture so cogent as to imply that it is not very successful in developing brain centres? Take hearing, for instance. Is it necessary to give more exercise in musical experience in order to develop the auditory centre? Do not sensations of sound of any kind accomplish this just as well? Musical education may confer certain refinements upon the subject, or produce capacities which are not noticeable in those who work in machine shops; but it may not produce more brain than the various sounds that we have to recognise in the daily walks of life. The mere seeing of light may do as much to develop the occipital lobes as any amount of training in the discrimination of colours or objects. If activity is the object, it is activity of any kind whatsoever that is as effective as a particular kind of it.

Throughout his whole discussion the author confuses two wholly distinct problems: (1) There is the correlation between the quantity of intelligence and character of the brain, involving quantity, quality, and complexity of structure, and (2) there is the influence of exercise, in such a mind as is given, on the development of the brain. This latter is a much more problematic doctrine than the former, and is not necessarily involved in it. Facts show the correlation between intelligence and the brain, but the same facts do not show that the quantity or quality of brain has been produced by the exercise of intelligence, as the author's doctrine would seem to imply. If materialism be true, the very converse of the author's theory would be true. The amount of intelligence would depend upon the kind or amount of brain, the former being the effect and the latter the cause, instead of the brain depending upon intelligence and its growth, the latter being the cause and the former the effect. And the stress which the author lays upon the mechanical theory of mind would favour this interpretation of the case, so that the presupposition necessary to sustain his method of education would be a spiritualistic or immaterialistic, and not a mechanical theory of mind. Nor would it help any to suppose intelligence a correlate rather than a function of the brain, because this would only show that success in increasing the brain by education will depend upon increasing the quality of its correlate mind; for we find in the feeble-minded that the effect is not proportioned to the exercise. Either the character of the brain must be given at the outset to determine the intelligence, or the intelligence to determine the brain, or both to determine the limits of education. In none of them is there sufficient reason for any important changes in education.

What the author ought to have developed out of the maxim of experience and exercise is a doctrine which he does not seem to touch, and which is closely related to questions of localised brain functions. It is the effect of exercise and experience upon the subsequent capacities of the subject. For instance, take the case of mathematics. We often say that we teach mathematics in order to train the reasoning powers. The fact is, that this science exercises very little influence on the general reasoning powers. The same is true even of the science of formal logic. They train men to reason well enough with the content or matter peculiar to the two sciences, but very few minds catch the general principles involved outside the special forms of illustration chosen. This is even apparent in the fact that we have to take a man who has studied mathematics to teach the science. So with the other sciences. The laws of association operate to fix the concrete limits in which the reasoning is made familiar and easy. It is so with any form of exercise. In so far as educating the brain is concerned, it does not make much difference what form of exercise is taken. We could train the reasoning centre as well in logic or politics as in

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mathematics. But if we want a man to be a good mathematician, we must not train him merely in politics. *We must utilise association and reasoning in the specific subject-matter which he expects to teach, or his physical capacities in the subject-matter of the trade he will follow.* This is the fundamental principle that gave rise to manual training schools. It was found that some minds are not qualified to carry knowledge or method from one kind of subject-matter to another, but must be confined to the images or activities in which they have been trained.

Here, then, lies the value of special methods of education founded upon the idea of exercise. Exercise gives increased facility of action in a given direction, and creates habits of brain-reaction which are useful in the direction learned; but any other exercise might give the brain development physically as it is wanted. Hence, all that the doctrine of the correlation between intelligence and the brain, and such special cases as Laura Bridgman, prove, is that exercise is necessary to keep up the development of the parts of the brain concerned, but they do not prove that any one method is better than another. Practical objects independently of brain development have to be consulted quite as fully as this end. These are questions of habit and facility of action which our civilisation requires, and the main things to be considered are two: (1) The direction of individual taste, which may be the only accessible evidence of the brain power to be cultivated, and (2) the laws of association and habit limiting great facility of action, in most cases, to the concrete forms in which the discipline has been obtained. Here is the problem of education, and it is not in any scheme to produce brain matter.

James H. Hyslop.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.*

Absolving himself from the task of telling a well-known story, Mr. Shorter has turned his researches, as his title announces, upon the friendships, the acquaintance, the relations, and the affections of the woman who had so few. He had the right to take it for granted that all the readers of his new book had read Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*; nevertheless, he has kept everything linked and consequent; his book is a supplement, confessedly, but it holds well together. The more important letters he has collected are of singular interest; the duller are curious for a reader's own reasons; the trivial are always relics. What Mr. Shorter, by his resolution and by the opportunities he had, and made when need was, by confidences and concessions of Charlotte Brontë's surviving friends, who refused him nothing, and by the discernment of his own very expert knowledge, has added to the facts of the *Life*, has already been told in these pages. I will only say that I note the appropriate additions made in the present work to the too timorously scanty record left by Mrs. Gaskell of her heroine's suitors, engagement, and marriage. There is a lack of human simplicity in these evasions of the biographer. It is not that we claim to know more, but that we dislike the demonstrative reticence, the hurrying to close the door, and the publication of reserve. It is more like Mrs. Todgers than like anything in Shakespeare. Mr. Nicholls himself has not thought it necessary to be so nimble. But Mrs. Gaskell's action was intelligible. Her admirable *Life* was as much a defence and reply as Newman's *Apologia*. Alert on behalf of her friend, and of her sex, she wrote with equal trepidation and steadfastness in answer to the injurious rumours and conjectures wherewith the reviewer of 1850 accompanied his criticism when a book before him was the work of a woman. She allowed one or two offers of marriage to flit for an instant into sight and out again, because they served to show that Charlotte Brontë was in no haste to marry. She would not allow a reader to think it possible that Miss Brontë had ever had the slightest inclination toward any curate except the curate she married. That loyal biographer permits herself to quote one love-passage, introduced to prove how fully Miss Brontë fulfilled every possible demand of contemporary public opinion by treating her suitor with extreme agitation and ruthless severity. "I could only

* Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By Clement K. Shorter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

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entreat him to leave me. . . . I half led, half put him out of the room." Charlotte Brontë was nearly thirty-seven when she had this attitude toward an offer of human marriage.

Mrs. Gaskell's action no doubt served her turn for that time, but it was quite worth while to correct it now ; the scene has lost its slight grotesqueness now that a simpler spirit has allowed the whole story to be told with dignity, and not for purposes of defence. Released from the rigour of the female friend, this part of Charlotte Brontë's story takes its place restored to reason, gravity, and order. Mr. Shorter is to be thanked, moreover, for his accessory biography of Mary Taylor, whose letters are much the most spirited of all he prints.

Charlotte Brontë's literary letters are full of platitudes, and her platitudes are clothed—clothed seems the word in use—in distressing English. The greater number of her letters have the most curious value to all who think her style—her memorable style—worthy of interest ; for they prove again how execrable was the vintage of English gathered in her day, how corrupted with blights of common pride. From this she was able to break away ; this she rejected, although it was her habit ; from this, a hundred times, she went freer than her contemporaries. She cast away, in her passages of noblest manner, a language that had obviously been to her a kind of symbol of all that was respectable, middle-class, and, as Marjorie Fleming would say, "primmed up." She broke a deplorable custom to prove her mastery of the words she used. That custom was an insult to the English that had gone before, and a defiance to the English that should come after. No convention, no ceremony, no heartlessness or lifelessness, no Latinity gone astray, no derogation in any other age was quite so bad as the way of writing English that was deemed a polite art—not certainly by the scholarly, but by the ladies'-scholarly, by women, and especially by governesses—in Charlotte Brontë's day. It is hardly to be found now save in the circular of a grocer or a house-agent. Charlotte Brontë's mother had used another tongue—a language of propriety, balance, and moderate gaiety, by no means despicable. It was altogether a better vintage that befell in her generation. But the daughter lighted upon the evil days. You cannot forget that the "fiery-hearted vestal" was not only a fiery-hearted vestal, but also a governess. She had the *grace d'état* for one and the other vocation, and this was her language, at sixteen, when she wrote to her brother and companion, a year younger, with allusions to their "residence," with this to follow :

> "I hope, with you, that the present delightful weather may contribute to the perfect restoration of our dear papa's health, and that it may give aunt pleasant reminiscences of the salubrious climate of her own native place."

Some girls of sixteen, with no sense of humour, might write so in these days for the love of it. But Charlotte Brontë, much older, wrote her sorry novel, *The Professor*, in the same language, made worse by sheer vulgarities, by phrases unscholarly, polite and ignorant, uneducated, and far, far removed from the language of the lower classes, a manner of writing for which there is no name. She tells the story in the person of her professor, and we have to hear him "talk so like a waiting gentlewoman," not certainly of guns and drums, but of "an extensive and eligible connexion, first opened by unsolicited recommendation," of "raised terms," and of an "elevated system of instruction ;" "our pupils," he says, "became more select." He "disposes of the eligible connexion." When he should be telling us that his wife is teaching, he says she is "communicating instruction," and he says it in a suitable form of bad grammar : "While communicating instruction her aspect was more animated." "Some of her pupils received the impression of elevated sentiments," is said of the lady whose aspect communicated instruction. "We might in time realise an independence ; we had the means of commencing on a careful scale, having lived greatly within our income." A difficulty midway in his career "operates as a barrier." Perhaps the worst English that Charlotte Brontë put into the mouth of her professor is this about a child : "For the toys he possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection."

It was the custom of the time that charged with this last infamous sentence a pen able to write the *Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell*, beginning,

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"But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief." As we read again the simple, vital, and majestic sentences that follow we confess that none of her contemporaries, who had the good fortune to be men and not governesses, who refused the phrases "operating as a barrier," and "contracting a partiality," refused them to such purpose as she, when she did refuse them, or wrote English so excellent as hers. Charlotte Brontë, who was distinguished by an invitation to meet some of them at dinner in London, who was fluttered, and thought them worth a headache, might have put them all to school. Lewes, for instance, Southey, Chorley, Horne, the critic of the *Times*, the critic of the *Spectator*, and other bearded mediocrities. They ought to have been fluttered by this dove. Which of them wrote in this manner? Hear the page again:

"My sister Emily first declined. . . . Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it, but indeed I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. . . . Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure. . . ."

Again, still under the inspiration of that sister, there are the letters about Emily: "She was torn, conscious, panting, reluctant, from a life she loved." Worthy to be named with these passages are twenty in *Jane Eyre*, more in *Villette*, and as many more perhaps in Charlotte Brontë's private letters. This may seem a scanty score, but let the depth and height of my admiration be held to atone for its narrowness.

Do we wish, or are we rather reluctant, to hear more of the greater sister? It is with this question that a new book on the Brontës is received. Mrs. Gaskell seemed to apologise to the indifferent reader for what record she made of Emily Brontë; respect, she evidently thought, was due to the illusion of Charlotte—a sister's admiration, but the world, it was understood, was not intent upon the author of *Wuthering Heights*. Something Mr. Shorter has added to the brief memorial of Emily Brontë in the *Life;* a scratch of drawing, a brief letter, Miss Nussey's description of Emily in health and spirits, and a page of the papers that the two younger sisters were wont to seal up for reading after four years. It was an action common to children—"What shall we be when we open this? where shall we be? and how?"—which these two continued close up to their death. It is all little enough. Emily's letters were ashes fifty years ago, and her body was dust. There is no trace, or outline, or sketch of her face. Insensibility, indifference, neglect, contempt that outlived her, the perfect incapacity of all who were called her critics, and had her under their vulgar judgment, left her alone on earth. And now that her work is known and the world is looking for her who hid herself, she, brilliant fugitive, the bird of a broken snare, has snatched her very shadow out of sight.

Alice Meynell.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS NEW TALE OF BEAUTY.*

That Mr. William Morris was the greatest poet of his time one may doubt, remembering more impassioned numbers than his, but one need not doubt at all that he was the poet of his time who was most perfectly a poet. Certain men impress themselves on the imagination of the world as types, and Shelley, with his wayward desires, his unavailing protest, has become the type of the poet to most men and to all women, and perhaps because he seemed to illustrate that English dream, which holds the poet and the artist unfitted for practical life: laughable and lovable children whose stories and angers one may listen to when the day's work is done. If, however, a time come when the world recognises that the day's work, that practical life, become noble

* The Well at the World's End. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. $7.50.

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just in so far as they are subordinated to the sense of beauty, the sense of the perfect, just in so far as they approach the dream of the poet and the artist, then Mr. William Morris may become, instead of Shelley, the type of the poet: for he more than any man of modern days tried to change the life of his time into the life of his dream. To others beauty was a solitary vision, a gift coming from God they knew not how; but to him it was always some golden fleece or happy island, some well at the world's end, found after many perils and many labours in the world, and in all his later books, at any rate, found for the world's sake. Almost alone among the dreamers of our time, he accepted life and called it good; and because almost alone among them he saw, amid its incompleteness and triviality, the Earthly Paradise that shall blossom at the end of the ages.

When Ralph, the pilgrim to the well at the world's end, is setting out upon his journey, he meets with a monk who bids him renounce the world.

"'Now, lord, I can see by thy face that thou art set on beholding the fashion of this world, and most like it will give thee the rue.'

"Then came a word into Ralph's mouth, and he said: 'Wilt thou tell me, father, whose work was the world's fashion?'

"The monk reddened, but answered nought, and Ralph spake again: 'Forsooth, did the craftsman of it fumble over his work?'

"Then the monk scowled, but presently he enforced himself to speak blithely, and said, 'Such matters are over high for my speech or thine, lord; but I tell thee, who knoweth, that there are men in this House who have tried the world and found it wanting.'

"Ralph smiled and said, stammering: 'Father, did the world try them, and find them wanting perchance?'"

And later on it is said to the seekers of the well,

"If you love not the earth and the world with all your souls, and will not strive all ye may to be frank and happy therein, your toil and peril aforesaid shall win you no blessing, but a curse."

In the literal sense of the word, and in the only high sense, he was a prophet; and it was his vision of that perfect life, which the world is always trying, as Jacob Behmen taught, to bring forth, that awakened every activity of his laborious life—his revival of mediæval tapestry and stained glass, his archaic printing, his dreams of Sigurd and of Gudrun and of Guinevere, his essays upon the unloveliness of our life and art, his preaching in parks and at the corners of streets, his praise of revolutions, his marchings at the head of crowds, and his fierce anger against most things that we delight to honour. We sometimes call him "melancholy," and speak of the "melancholy" of his poems, and I know not well why, unless it be that we mistake the pensiveness of his early verse, a pensiveness for noble things once had and lost, or for noble things too great not to be nearly beyond hope, for his permanent mood, which was one of delight in the beauty of noon peace, of rest after labour, of orchards in blossom, of the desire of the body and of the desire of the spirit. Like Blake, he held nothing that gave joy unworthy, and might have said with Ruysbroeck, "I must rejoice without ceasing, even though the world shudder at my joy," except that he would have had the world share his joy. There is no picture of him more permanent in my mind than that of him sitting at one of those suppers at Hammersmith to which he gathered so singular a company of artists and workmen, and crying out on those who held it unworthy to be inspired by a cup of wine: for had not wine come out of the sap and out of the leaves and out of the heat of the sunlight? It was this vision of happiness that made him hate rhetoric, for rhetoric is the triumph of the desire to convince over the desire to reveal. His definition of good writing would have been writing full of pictures of beautiful things and beautiful moments. "My masters," he said once, "are Keats and Chaucer, because Keats and Chaucer make pictures." Dante he held for a like reason to be more a poet than Milton, who, despite his "great, earnest mind, expressed himself as a rhetorician." These pictures were not, I imagine, to be so much in great masses as in minute detail. "The beauty of Dante," he said to me once, "is in his detail;" and in all his art one notices nothing more constant than the way in which it heaps up, and often in the midst of tragedy, little details of happiness. This book is full of them, and there is scarcely a chapter in which there is not some moment for which one might almost give one's soul.

W. B. Yeats.

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MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Mr. Hare has been governed by two ideas in writing the story of his life. These are, that in detail consists the real interest of biography, and that the duty of candour does not stop at self-revelation, unless where the feelings of living persons are concerned: *De mortuis omnia*, in fact. The consistent result is that even in two large volumes he has only got as far as 1870, and that, especially, in the parts descriptive of his childhood, and youth, there is an astonishingly frank condemnation of many persons whom most people had agreed to be saintly beyond criticism. Mr. Hare's book raises quite as interesting and as delicate points on the writing of biography as did Mr. Purcell's. But if he has been indiscreetly communicative we do not hold such austere views on the question of indiscretion as to pass over in silence the intensely interesting, and, we must say, appalling picture he presents of his childhood.

His book should take a permanent place in the library of Educationists, as an awful warning. We have not often read anything that so roused our indignation, even in the many chronicles of poor bullied children; and even if the bitterness of a sensitive and misunderstood nature has exaggerated detail, there must be a substratum of unexaggerated fact, and it spells waste, incompetence, and cruelty on the part of the educated persons responsible for his bringing up. About one of the persons pilloried, Esther Maurice, the sister of F. D. Maurice, a reader feels inclined to add something to the condemnation. She became Mr. Hare's aunt by marriage, and thus had abundant opportunities for bullying him. A very religious woman, her idea of education was forcing the most disagreeable thing to be done on every occasion. Her treatment of her nephew was a series of outrages and insults, an ingenious system of penance applied to a delicate and sensitive child, shocking his nerves, checking his advances, martyrising his mind and physique. She was kind to those who placidly allowed themselves to be bullied, and practised great austerities toward herself, Mr. Hare owns. "She was," he says, "the Inquisition in person." There he hits the nail on the head. It is a common habit, while condemning harsh conduct, to modify the condemnation on the ground of its accordance with some rigid principles—as we deplore the Inquisition, and yet couple it with the name of religious zeal. But it is the impulse toward such harshness that makes use of the sheltering principle; and it would be healthier if we were to perceive and own that such outbursts of cruelty, on the part of an institution or an individual, are the welling up of savagery, are the survival and secret growth of the beast in mankind that grows strong in the neighbourhood of weak, defenceless persons. This secret savagery will hotly embrace and rigidly follow any religious system that cloaks it with respectability. When it has become impossible to call a bully a religious person, the world will be a healthier place, for then the incorrigible bullies will be driven into the ranks of the criminals, where it will be so much easier to deal with them. When Hare's Aunt Esther ordered his cat to be hanged because he had an affection for it, she was showing the distinctest criminal propensity, and she very likely owed her comparatively placid life, undisturbed, at least, by magisterial interference, to her respectable clerical surroundings. Had she been born in a slum, she might have spent the most important part of her life in gaol. Unfortunately, she spent it in Hurstmonceaux Rectory.

The family history is exceedingly entertaining, if painful. For his own comfort he had far too many relatives, but if many of them were disagreeable, very few seem to have been commonplace. His own parents were lively persons, with varied and romantic accidents in their career. But till he grew up he knew little of them, for the widow of his Uncle Augustus having proposed to adopt him, she received this naïf answer from his mother, "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly, the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and, if any one else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others?" Henceforward he was the child of much affection, but of an affection that seems to have been coupled with no intelligence, and that protected him feebly from ill-treatment.

* The Story of My Life. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.

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His first school was an inferior place of low moral tone, chosen because the master had once written nice evangelical letters to his adopted mother. At Harrow he learnt nothing, and was too ill to learn, had there been opportunities. In the holidays he was urged to meditate on death and hell, and sent back encased in an iron frame for curvature of the spine. Sent home ill, he was shut up with tracts, lowering diet, counsels of resignation, and a stupid, ignorant tutor, till he nearly died. At a private tutor's near Bath, he spent two years and a half in enforced idleness. Such entries in his journal continually occur as, "No work at all." "No lessons." As the tutor would not teach, he spent the whole day on long walking excursions, without a farthing to buy a morsel of food. Then followed some fairly competent teaching, but it came too late, and it was administered by an eccentric master, undignified and pettish in temper to the point of insanity. Hare, a lad on the verge of manhood, till he made an effectual protest, was forced by him to wear his coat and waistcoat inside out for mistakes in Latin. Oxford, some degree of liberty, and a consequent healthy rush of animal spirits, happily followed. There was never a stranger tale told of the education of a boy who did not belong to the neglected classes. Yet the terrible system made itself felt even later. At Lucca a doctor pronounced his life in danger, should he risk the severities of an English winter. His mother, in spite of this, was determined he should return, having taken it into her head that he might turn Roman Catholic, and presumably preferring a dead Protestant son to a living one of any other faith.

There is reason in dwelling on the earlier volumes of the book, for they are the most interesting, though quite unnecessarily lengthy. The rest consists of a record of the travels that gave him the material for his famous handbooks, an account of the celebrated persons he has had unusual chances of meeting all his life, the later strange, and even sensational, history of his immediate relatives, and a wonderful collection of personal histories that his memory and his habit of keeping notebooks have preserved out of his experiences in all the countries he has travelled and sojourned in. The detailed stories are more numerous and more striking than his anecdotes; we send leisurely readers with a taste for romantic gossip to them, confident that their interest will be captured. But on the anecdotal side the book is not lacking. Among the celebrities that appear in very frankly-drawn pictures in these pages are Matthew Arnold; the Bunsens, whose broadening influence even as a child he recognised in the narrow Hurstmonceaux circle, with its mutual admiration tone; Carlyle, whom he recollected bursting into a tirade against high hats when his own was blown into a ditch; Mrs. Gaskell, whom he says every one liked, and who impressed him by the deference she paid to her own daughters; Mrs. Grote, whose eccentricities delighted him, and of whom he has some good stories to tell. She once proposed to take a very feeble invalid friend for a drive, and presented herself in a very high dog-cart. With difficulty the invalid was hoisted up beside Mrs. Grote, and "for some time was too exhausted to speak. Then she said something almost in a whisper. 'Good God! don't speak so loud,' said Mrs. Grote, 'or you'll frighten the horse; if he runs away, God only knows where he'll stop.'" Mr. Hare says that in the life of her husband which she wrote, one original sentence was suppressed by the publisher—"When George Grote and I were young, we were equally distinguished by the beauty of our persons and the vivacity of our conversation!" There are some stories, old and new, of Jowett. Landor, he writes of with sincere affection. Of Maurice, whose goodness is owned, he says "he maundered over his own humility in a way which—even to a child—did not seem humble." He used to go to Madame Mohl's *salons*, and though he is uncomplimentary to her personal appearance—"like a poodle"—does her talents full justice. At Turin he had the benefit of watching Ruskin copy a Paul Veronese, progressing at the rate of one dress in the picture in ten years. Of Dean Stanley, his cousin, as a young man, there are frequent reminiscences, very friendly on the whole, though clerical personages are not too sympathetically dealt with. And an early recollection of Wordsworth is recorded, talking a good

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deal about himself and reading his own poems. But as we have said, the first and permanent interest of the book lies in its extraordinary educational warnings.

TAQUISARA.*

Is there an American school of novelists? This question is suggested afresh every time announcement is made of a new story by Marion Crawford, just as a picture by Sargent or Chase makes us inquire once more for the American school of art. Mr. Crawford is the most prolific of our fiction writers, in some respects the strongest. He is one of the few whose books are looked forward to with impatience. But he is the world's, not America's. Surely an author of such vivid and versatile imagination, such keenness of perception, such alert dramatic instinct, such breadth of view and firmness of grasp, combined with almost dangerous facility of expression and rare power of graphic delineation—in a word, a master of what De Quincey named "the literature of power" as distinguished from "the literature of knowledge;" surely a man so endowed was eminently fitted to mark a place in imaginative literature where Americans might stand together.

But these repinings are based on the notion that national schools are worth having, and perhaps Mr. Crawford is one of those who think they are not. On the whole, judging by his work, it is tolerably evident that, like the painters mentioned, he takes the cosmopolite's view of human nature, which some persons dub the French view. Circumstances and tastes have drawn him chiefly to Italy for his observations of it, but while the local colour of his books which deal with that country is held by many readers to be foremost among their charms, it is undoubtedly true of them, as of the others, whether their scenes be laid in India, or Bohemia, or New York, that it is the heart of men and women, with all its strength and weakness, that appeals most to Mr. Crawford's artistic sense. He is given to psychological analysis. Of action, quick and startling, he is never chary; it seems ever and anon to leap up at touch of his imagination, like flame from a volcano. But it is doubtful if for himself the internal tumult that causes the outburst is not more interesting than the plainly visible results. With the mere romance writers, to whom the march of events is everything, he has little sympathy, although he shares so much of their power. And hence it is, probably, that Mr. Crawford's plots are seldom simple. He is too true an artist not to stick to his story, but he does not hesitate to go far afield with it—holding it fast all the time whether it drags or runs—in search of new counters of incident, if we may so describe his process, on which to display the motives of his people.

In *Taquisara*, his latest volume, these tendencies are more than ever conspicuous. It tells the story of a Neapolitan princess subjected to the plots and intrigues of avaricious relatives. They conspire first to make her marry a man of their own family, so that their embezzlement of a part of her fortune may not be discovered, and then, failing in that project, because of the rather inexplicable removal by suicide of the man provided for their purpose, attempt to take her life, after having induced her to make them beneficiaries of her will. These preliminaries disposed of, and the girl's character being now well revealed under these somewhat unusual circumstances, the scene changes to a mountain castle, where the real story of her life comes out, and for the first time Taquisara appears in his rôle of hero. Here, under compulsion of pity, she agrees to marry Taquisara's friend, believing him to be at the point of death. The ceremony is performed, but before the irrevocable words are spoken the sick man, unnoticed by the short-sighted priest, apparently dies, and Taquisara, having taken the girl's hand in his, is unwittingly made the husband. The other recovers and lives to discover the sacrifice his friends were ready to make for him and to put together the hands the priest has already joined.

So bare an outline of course only remotely suggests the drama Mr. Crawford has conceived. There are incidents intended to explain and enliven its development, but many of them give the impression of having been brought in for their own sake rather than for their relation to the story. In a less habitually conscientious author they would

* Taquisara. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

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be put down as padding. Of such a character is the unexpected confession of the priest that the marriage ceremony he performed is invalid, as are all others at which he has officiated, because he was never ordained. The character of this mild old man is so sympathetic that most readers are likely to resent this eleventh-hour tarnishing of his good name, but there is no more interesting episode in the book, and it serves Mr. Crawford's purpose of exhibiting strikingly the play of human emotions.

Those who think Mr. Crawford is most at home in Italian themes will take up the book with pleasurable anticipations, but they will find here a view to which he has not accustomed them. Apart from *Marzio's Crucifix* we have never had from this author's pen a social study so thoroughly and even narrowly Italian. For although it is Mr. Crawford himself who has somewhere said that the *grand monde* of any country is by reason of its manners, customs, and canons very much the same as the same social grade in every other nationality, and that there is therefore a sort of freemasonry between all belonging to it, wherever they may be, this applies to those in the great whirlpool called society—the entertaining, entertained, and travelling ones, who have and maintain relations with their equals everywhere—and not to such recluses of "the upper ten" as he deals with here. In *Taquisara* the author has very nearly done what a humorous writer in a recent story declares that he will never do, created three characters and annihilated the rest of the world.

The book is a curious one in many respects. Much of it shows signs of having been taken from life, or at least from some of the tales that are current anent the great Italian families; but with a strain of elaborate realism there is a mixture of all sorts of fantastic devices savouring of mediævalism, in which even the supernatural—become quite a fad with Mr. Crawford since its success in *Mr. Isaacs*—is brought to bear. There are long and monotonous stretches of introspection on the part of the heroine, besides many sober conversations in which she figures. Mr. Crawford's people are, it is true, not noted for scintillating dialogue, they are not makers of epigram like Mr. Howells's; but they generally possess that quality of companionableness that makes us feel that we should be glad to meet them in the flesh, whereas of this heroine it must be regretfully admitted that, with all her nobility of character, she lacks imagination, and we get the impression that a chat with her would be a trifle tedious. With Taquisara it is different. Although we are told that he is practical and does not look beyond the actualities of life, we surprise in him here and there an evidence of originality and a sense of humour which are refreshing; it is a pity that he was kept in the background when he might have redeemed many an unrelieved page.

It may in closing be mentioned that the author's facility has in this book, as in some that have preceded it, led him into a certain amount of carelessness of diction, although, as usual, many of his periods are notable for grace and brilliancy. But even a novel or two a year are not sufficient excuse for such a phrase as "she never took but one piece," which he uses. The book leaves in the mind the impression that it would gain by dramatisation.

C. Le F. W.

TWO LIVES OF WASHINGTON.*

The appearance of two books on Washington within a few weeks of each other seems to threaten a new biographical craze, like that which gave us an endless serial on Napoleon or tortured our eyes with the portraits of Lincoln's innumerable and hard-featured relatives. These Lives of Washington, however, are compressed within a reasonable compass. Each is complete in a single volume, and each volume is of readable length. It seems necessary to state this fact at the outset to allay apprehensions due to recent experience in the matter of biographical works. Either work can be read without abandoning business, neglecting one's family, or going into seclusion for a term of years.

It would be hard to find two works

* The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00.

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on the same subject more unlike in spirit and in style. Mr. Ford, in *The True George Washington*, deals with Washington as a man, not as a statesman or as a general; while to Professor Wilson he is always the "father of his country," the foremost personage of his age, and all the other great things we are accustomed to hear of him. Mr. Ford's book is simply a portrait, while in the other Washington has as usual "the air of his own statue done in bronze and set up by national subscription." The two works supplement each other admirably, following such different lines that they do not overlap at any point, for the historical significance of what Washington did is hardly touched upon by Mr. Ford, while Professor Wilson gives little of the personal details which the other has been at such pains to collect. On account of this difference in purpose and scope comparison is impossible, but if one wants a little diversion from the large lessons of history, and has a "sneaking fondness" for the historical green-room, he will find *The True George Washington* the more fascinating.

Mr. Ford has no patience with the hero-worshippers who prefer to look at their Washington under calcium lights, and he is so irreverent as to quote Mark Twain's remark that he was a greater man than Washington, because the latter "couldn't tell a lie, while he could, but wouldn't." We should therefore look for a somewhat iconoclastic spirit in what follows. But the iconoclasm is of a very mild sort, and after all the images are shattered, we are relieved to find that nothing has happened to our faith — that if anything it is rather strengthened. The set phrases of the older biographers and mythologists have, in spite of our scepticism, left an impression of something preternaturally grave and dignified, something portentous and ineffable about Washington in his early years. In fact, there has lurked in us the feeling that he must have been a precious little prig. It is a comfort to read of his happy, hearty, natural boyhood, of his hot temper, and his tendency to fall in love with "Agrewable Young Ladies," as he spells them. And when he was under the spell of one of his calf-loves, he must have been quite as ridiculous as any ordinary victim, for we find him lamenting at great length and in outrageous spelling the fact that the enforced necessity of seeing a certain agreeable young lady revives the agonising recollection of his rejection by another, "Whereas was I to live more retired from young Women, I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness." Under the caption "Relations with the Fair Sex" the above passage and many others are quoted from his correspondence, all showing his susceptibility to feminine attractions. It might be inferred from what the author says that this susceptibility got the better of his judgment when he married the widow Custis, who is described as "petite, over-fond, hot tempered, obstinate, and a bad speller;" and, in a quoted passage, as "not possessing much sense, but a perfect lady." This will not be an acceptable view to that eminent champion of her sex who in a public speech not long ago challenged any one to deny that "Martha Washington was as great as her illustrious husband." Yet the author gives her full credit for her tact and grace as a hostess, and for the way in which she relieved her husband of social burdens.

Speaking of burdens, however, it would seem as if there were no limit to the number he could carry and was willing to assume. The careful way in which he superintended every detail of his Mount Vernon estate has been made familiar by quotations from his letters and his accounts; but Mr. Ford gives far stronger proof of this genius for detail by showing that to spare his wife trouble he often ordered her clothing for her. At one time he writes to his London agent that "Mrs. Washington sends home a green sack to get cleaned or fresh dyed of the same colour; made up into a handsome sack again, would be her choice; but if the cloth won't afford that, then to be thrown into a genteel Night Gown." But his family cares were not confined to his own household. He was continually helping his brother's children and other relatives, and he several times assumed the management of other people's estates in order to aid them. The hospitality of Mount Vernon was proverbial. He writes his mother that it was like "a much-resorted inn." This mother, who figures in the older biographies as such

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a perfect being, and whom Professor Wilson characterises as a woman of fine character, steadfast courage, and singular capacity for business, is described by the present author as being rather weak and foolish in her treatment of her son, and as having caused him great annoyance by her complaints of poverty when he and her other children were supplying her with everything. He adds that tradition says she smoked a pipe. This last is a sad bit of iconoclasm.

In the chapter on "Physique" there is an amusing collection of "impressions" of Washington's personal appearance, quoted from the writings of people who had visited him. No two are alike. They could not even agree about his nose, some speaking with enthusiasm of that feature, others admitting that it was "not the handsomest of its class."

Enough has been said to show the general character of Mr. Ford's book. It is a small-beer chronicle, but the instances and anecdotes are so suggestive, and the extracts from Washington's writings are so well chosen, that on reading the book one feels as if he had made the personal acquaintance of the General for the first time. It is written in an agreeable, unaffected style, but the author commits one unpardonable sin—the sin against the participial noun. "A not much higher order of treatment was Washington sending for Dr. Laurie to bleed his wife." This is a bad case of it, but it occurs often.

In Professor Wilson's *George Washington* the larger view of the subject has given the author a chance for more extended historical characterisation. Regarding Washington as the product of his times, he introduces his biography with a sketch of social conditions in Virginia in the first half of the eighteenth century. He shows how the rough life and semi-feudal authority of the planters made a manly, vigorous set of men, accustomed to command absolutely in their own domain, but obliged to respect the rights and opinions of their equals.

"It was not a life that bred students, though it was a life that begot thoughtfulness and leadership in affairs. Those who fell in the way of getting them had not a few books upon their shelves, because they thought every gentleman should have such means of knowing what the world had said and done before his day. But they read only upon occasion, when the weather darkened or long evenings dragged because there were no guests in the house. . . . No one in Virginia thought that 'becoming a mere scholar' was 'a desirable education for a gentleman.' He ought to 'become acquainted with men and things rather than books.' Books must serve only to deepen and widen the knowledge he should get by observation and a free intercourse with those about him. When Virginians wrote, therefore, you might look to find them using not studied phrases, but a style that smacked fresh of all the free elements of good talk—not like scholars or professed students, but like gentlemen of leisure and cultivated men of affairs—with a subtle, not unpleasing flavour of egotism, and the racy directness of speech, withal, that men may use who are sure of their position."

Such was Washington's social environment, a little too brightly coloured, perhaps, for it is clear that the author is tracing the evolution of a hero rather than writing the biography of a man. This, indeed, is the tone of the book throughout, and the effect produced is a little unreal so far as the personality of Washington is concerned. The epic style grows somewhat monotonous at times, and so does the author's attempt to add sprightliness to the narrative by the simple device of using the phrase "'Twas" at irregular intervals. But as an estimate of Washington's services to the country, and as a *résumé* of the general historical features of the period in which he lived, it is instructive and interesting. It is compact and forcible, and though a eulogy does not wander off into rhapsodies, but gives the grounds of the deification. Almost it persuades one to be a hero-worshipper. The style is spirited, though it bears the marks of the author's pains to make it so.

F. M. Colby.

JOHN: A TALE OF KING MESSIAH.*

In these days, when the reading of the many books that are made often entails that "weariness" of which King Lemuel so feelingly speaks, it is more than a pleasure to meet with a story like *John*—it is a profound satisfaction. More than once has the introduction of the Christ in fiction been attempted and carried out with varying degrees of what is called success; witness *Ben*

* John: A Tale of King Messiah. By Katharine Pearson Woods. New York; Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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Hur, *Titus*, and of earlier date, *The Prince of the House of David*, and others. Absorbingly interesting as many of these works may be, there is yet in some of them an element—very nearly approaching sensationalism—which impresses a thoughtful mind as sacrilege, and from which one shrinks. This exceedingly objectionable element, however, is in *John* conspicuously absent, being replaced throughout by a spirit of affectionate and marked reverence.

In a series of situations, following the Gospel story, the life of John, the beloved disciple, is depicted, from the autumn of the year 20 of the Christian era to the last wonderful meeting of the disciples with their risen Lord on the shore of the Lake of Galilee. This brings the Christ into the action of the story, and, except in a few instances, He is there presented through the medium of the impressions of Him received by those who surround Him. Where Miss Woods has departed from this procedure, and drawn upon her imagination for language and details not given by the evangelists, the story has suffered, not from lack of interest in the manner of telling, but from lack of historic support.

The story opens at a time when the heart of the Jewish nation was hot with fierce and impotent rage against the iron tyranny of Imperial Rome, when Roman parasites, worthy followers of a cruel and relentless master, fattened on the blood of the people they despised, and justice was a thing forgotten; when the whole race groaned in travail waiting for the Deliverer, the long looked-for, long-delayed Messiah who should rid them of their enemies and restore the kingdom to Israel, and when in the little hill town of Nazareth dwelt that Messiah, not unmindful of His own, but awaiting in patient submission the Divine call to begin the fulfilment of His mission.

Then follow in quick succession a possible picture of the home life in Nazareth, John of Bethsaida's visit to Jerusalem, the great Forerunner in the wilderness and at the waters of Enon, the drawing of the disciples to the Master, the working of miracles, the incarceration of the Baptist in the fortress of Machærus, and on up to the last visit of Jesus to Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the triumph over death, and the meeting in the gray dawn of the morning by the lake-side. The narration has a penetration and vigour, a warmth and vividness of portraiture, and a tenderness and reverence that can hardly be excelled. Many of the situations are intensely dramatic, but they are handled with a reserve that is highly artistic and most commendable, and which leaves no opportunity for the charge of anything at all like sensationalism.

Miss Woods's familiarity with the customs, dress, conditions, and general details of Hebrew life proves her to be a close observer as well as a patient student; and her consistent and original treatment of the various characters she introduces exhibits a felicity worthy of the author of *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, and should place this work in the front rank of literature of its kind. Her adaptation of the Lord's "brethren" is a surprise to us; it is contrary to the idea which is most generally accepted, and which, in fact, has become almost a matter of belief with many Christian people.

John is very far from being merely a novel with which to pass away an idle hour; it is a remarkable piece of work. As has been said by a wise man, "there are two kinds of genius, that which gives us something entirely new and that which makes over for us into new that which was old." This last is what Miss Woods has done, and those who read her fresh, vivid rendering of the "sweet story of old," besides enjoying its fine and careful workmanship, cannot but be stirred and quickened into a closer knowledge of the Man of Galilee, and into a truer perception of that service to man which is worship to God.

We await with the greatest interest the other volumes of the trilogy, in which Miss Woods is to take the story into apostolic and sub-apostolic times.

Barbara Yechton.

A CHILD OF THE JAGO.*

"'People are so very genteel, aren't they? . . . But, hang it all, men like ourselves needn't talk as though the world was built of hardbake. It's a mighty relief to speak truth with a man

* A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

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who knows—a man not rotted through with sentiment.' "

By the mouth of the Jago surgeon, Mr. Morrison has expressed his own attitude. The mild, sugary speech of philanthropists, the comfortable complacency of West-end slummers, the blind, absurd enthusiasm that looks to make the East-end into Paradise by culture—he turns and rends them all. For he knows that they have not seen, have not dared to see, the black slough of sin and cruelty and unspeakable wrong that lies beyond their efforts and their courage. "Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! Because even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar: Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it." It is an attitude only tolerable to the courageous; it is a knowledge that would kill if it were forced on the feeble. But the attitude and the knowledge must be a part of any true understanding of the world as it is made. It is a recognition of a state of things desperate but not entirely hopeless. He gives us Dicky, a young thief, a man of the world (an evil world) at ten, yet staunch, spirited, responsible. And he sends Father Sturt in our way, probably to show the kind of temper that has any chance of redeeming the dwellers in such a place of crime and misery. Sturt has no illusions; he knows the worst of the district; he has tenacity, courage, a keen sense of humour, and cannot be humbugged.

It is no use paying Mr. Morrison compliments at this time of day on his vigour and his unusual ability. These must be everywhere acknowledged. They are acknowledged by us very heartily. But this new book of his has pages which it is almost impossible to read. We do not combat his general attitude at all. He does not pretend to tell the whole tale of East-end misery, which has its genteel sides of course; but he tells one awful chapter of it; and we respect his sense of responsibility in doing so, however much he shatters our complacency and our shallow convictions that all's right with the world. We do not accuse him of exaggeration, and as to his excesses of realism we can at least understand the temptation. But to understand does not take away the right of protest; and we do protest against the useless riot of brutality, the orgies of physical violence which we are made witnesses of if we read the book through. Zola has never outdone some of the pages here in their horrible defiance of any sensitive feelings we may have. But we declare our right to have these feelings respected, if not pampered, and our opinion that an unblinking perusal of these tales of brutal fights would show much more morbid effeminacy than any shrinking from them would do. They are no necessary part of Mr. Morrison's strenuous and courageous purpose.

But we must not part from the book with a censure. For Dicky, the hero, must receive his due. In the midst of the sordid, cruel, desperate Jago he grows up, unashamed of it, accepting its conditions, ambitious of its honours, a plant of the hideous soil, yet a sturdy, not unwholesome plant. He has affection, loyalty, and endless courage. Mr. Morrison killed him, not for the sake of his pathetic death-scene, we are sure, but because he loved him, and his heart revolted against the thought of the lad's ingenuity hardening into ugly craft, his brave philosophy into callousness, his daring into insolent crime. And so he lets the child of the Jago die, in no odour of sanctity to be sure; but round the little outcast from all that is respectable he has woven a halo of charm.

NANCY NOON.*

Mr. Benjamin Swift has chosen to express a distinctly original mind, and an independent observation of life, after the manner, and indeed after the mannerisms of two distinguished writers, whose kinship, in spite of enormous divergences, was always certain, but never so apparent till an imitation of each got entangled in the pages before us. For the outer garments of his work Mr. Swift has taken Carlyle and Meredith as his models, and the latter has pushed his influence with him beyond

* Nancy Noon. By Benjamin Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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the surface. This is so obvious on reading a page or two of *Nancy Noon*, that it is hardly worth saying. But at least we refrain from being prosy over the dangers that a young writer runs in making such a choice. The book is good enough to set us wondering and guessing what will be Mr. Swift's own style when he evolves it, as he is bound to do. In the meanwhile he has made very energetic use of other people's; and when all dues have been paid to *Richard Feverel* for loans and stimulus, a substantial something remains.

What a writer can never borrow is life. And *Nancy Noon*—though there are very high pragmatical and shrill and boyish pages in it—is alive. The fervour, the passion, the fever are real. You may call them hysterical sometimes, but hysterics may be the symptoms of genuine and intolerable agony. In the last scenes with the Play-Maidens we think we note the influence of another living novelist than Mr. Meredith, and the influence of his weaker moods, too. But though the setting of these scenes is not very happy and does not strike quite true, Sparshott's suffering, which is the main thing, the suffering of a soul puritan in all its fibres, which cannot sin with impunity, and which, having sinned, knows itself damned, we recognise to be perfectly genuine. *Nancy Noon* is a tragedy with Hogarthian comedy running round about it. The horrible, the farcical, and the beautiful keep the stage in turns. Low life on its comic side secures a better innings than it has had of late; and if we cannot put our finger at this moment on quotable witticisms, we can assure a reader that, if he be in good condition, he must sometimes laugh with Twigg and Bacchus. The farce runs into a kind of savagery at times, as in the short history of Cherub that began and ended underground. Here, while we think of it, let us say one thing. Scotland is popular just now in fiction. The scene of *Nancy Noon* is laid in that country, but Mr. Swift has either been unable to achieve, or is indifferent to, popularity arising from this fact. There is no local colour; there is no national characterisation. And as for the lingo talked, it is a curious invention of Mr. Swift's brain, for it has never been heard between the Mull of Galloway and John o' Groats.

The author has infused much delicate imagining into Nancy. Will readers fall in love with her? Surely they must after that beautiful picture of her meeting with Moulter in the gray dew of the May morning. If not, they may, at least, fall in love with Sparshott's and Moulter's love of her. We can understand her better than Jiss. A union of intellectual force, of "naïve culture," with the lower and the meaner passions is quite possible, of course, but somehow the blend is imperfect here. His heart is really with Sparshott. The intensity of the book, and intensity is its first quality, is centred in this young man, whose eyes were "northern lights," "a peculiar colour pitching in them as of troubled stars," who "had a wild, brotherly feeling for all impatient things, and gave an extra pat to any horse he found foaming and pawing the ground," and "looked with a sympathy some people thought foolish on the first bee or butterfly that ventured out on a doubtful spring day. His mind was of that sort that made the myth of the Gardens of Adonis." The love-story of this Sparshott must be tumultuous. But brains, as well as strong emotion, have gone to the making of *Nancy Noon*.

The American edition just published is a reprint of the first English edition, which has met with almost unanimous praise. But it contains the author's preface to the second English edition, in which Mr. Swift takes some of his rose-water critics good-naturedly by the ears. "I look forward," he says, "almost with fear to becoming very wise and self-repressed." There is nothing saccharine about Mr. Swift's robust temperament, and he is too honest and absolutely sincere to bend the knee to the fetish worship of the sentimentalist. We quote a passage from his preface, in which he goes with a vengeance to the root of the matter, and defends his art from the charge of being wilfully sordid:

"Some have called the book sordid; and yet I had no intention, except to show Love holding his head for giddiness, and—yes, I will confess it—Lust sitting with cold feet at last. In spite of the comedy that is always in the world, I am struck by the general solemnity of the human face. Even Iniquity sometimes goes about his business as solemnly as Virtue. But if I have offended any pure soul by a reference too outspoken to certain aspects of our mortal life, let him believe me sincere when I tell him that I only meant to show him that Sin, that negro, has a personal suffering and agony that the

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world hardly suspects. See it in his intolerable eyes. It may be heresy to say that sin is just so much excitement; but so it is; and it needs, at least, the anæsthetics of your pity. But it seems that the stuff with which I work is wrong, and that my method of kneading it is wrong. Surely, however, Tourguéneff said truly, '*Qui dit froid, dit médiocre.*' I have sinned in the opposite extreme. But young blood, you know, is cooked. Alas, the weathercock feels itself justified as long as there is weather."

M.

BIBELOT ISSUES.*

Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Me., evidently bestows as much loving thought upon the production of his books as originally their authors gave to the writing of them. The result is that each book issued by him is a delightful specimen of delicate book-making, simple and beautiful in all its details. The volumes of the Brocade Series are certainly the prettiest books ever issued in this or any country, and the other various series do not fall far behind in perfectness of form.

Mr. Mosher has been singularly happy this season in the choice of his publications. In reprinting, in its entirety, the rare first edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, and in issuing *The Defence of Guenevere*, a book of lyrics, chosen from the works of William Morris, he has performed a great service to book-lovers. He has, perhaps, done even greater service by bringing out an edition in the Old World Series of *The Kasidah*, of Sir Richard Burton, an Oriental poem only surpassed in virile fascination by the *Rubáiyát*, of Omar Khayyám. Its nature may be seen from the following splendid lines:

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

"All other Life is living Death, a world where none but phantoms dwell,
A break, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell.

"Thus as thou view the Phantom forms which in the misty Past were thine,
To be again the thing thou wast with honest pride thou may'st decline;

"And glancing down the range of years, fear not thy future self to see;
Resigned to life, to death resigned, as though the choice were nought to thee."

Sylvie: Souvenirs du Valois is another volume in the Old World Series. It is a delicate little French tale of Gerard de Nerval, translated by Lucie Page into dainty English, appropriate to the flower-like charm of the story.

Mr. Mosher has also issued in the Old World Series under the title of *The New Life of Dante Alighieri*, Rossetti's exquisite translation of *La Vita Nuova*.

A second new volume in the Bibelot Series is Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's prose version of Omar Khayyám. Mr. McCarthy's version is likely always to remain the best prose rendering of Omar, as Fitzgerald's translation will always be the finest translation in verse.

The two new volumes in the Brocade Series are *The Pageant of Summer*, by Richard Jeffries, and *The Story of Amis and Amile*, one of the little stories, "done out of the ancient French into English" by William Morris, originally issued from the Kelmscott Press.

As, with the exception of *Sylvie*, all these books in their original editions have already secured their place in the literature of the world, it is the perfect manner in which they are now presented that makes their present publication noteworthy. We trust that all book-lovers and Mr. Mosher will speedily find each other out.

M. K.

* The Bibelot Series. $1.00 each. The Rubáiyát, of Omar Khayyám. Translated into English prose by Justin Huntly McCarthy.
The Defence of Guenevere. By William Morris. In the Old World Series. $1.00 each.
The New Life. (La Vita Nuova.) Translated from the Italian of Dante Alighieri by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. With other poems by Andrew Lang.
The Kasidah (couplets) of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi. A lay of the higher law by Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.
Sylvie. (Recollections of Valois.) Translated from the French of Gerard de Nerval by Lucie Page.
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The Pageant of Summer. By Richard Jeffries.
The Story of Amis and Amile. By William Morris.

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NOVEL NOTES.

OPALS FROM A MEXICAN MINE. By George De Vallière. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. $1.25.

LIFE THE ACCUSER. By E. F. Brooke. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. By I. K. Friedman. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

That all fiction of the better kind had its individual colour was a recognised fact long before Mr. Stephen Crane patented the discovery. Every one has read a few rare stories that were white, if white may be called a colour; every one has read many that were brown, and so on endlessly. Now and then a tale flames like a field of poppies in windless sunshine—such, for instance, as these Mexican tales, which have just appeared bearing an unfamiliar name. And they have also the poppies' atmosphere, an unwholesome, tense stillness suggesting feverish dreams. They come apparently from a 'prentice hand, but with the perception of the picturesque, which the work reveals, and with so romantic a *milieu* the tales have charm. The first of the five stories makes the strongest appeal to the imagination through its dealing with the mysteries of the ancient Mexican religion. But the last is the most ambitious, and reveals several interesting aspects of local social life, in which the red of poppies is mingled with the red of blood.

Now this very different new story by Miss Emma Brooke is gray—the cold, melancholy gray of the winter sky that forebodes storms more terrible than any summer tempest. The intensity which makes *A Superfluous Woman* a notable book, notwithstanding its structural and other weaknesses, pervades this more recent work with increased force, directness, and composure. The subject has not the freshness of the author's first book; the problem of condonation on the part of a wife has been frequently presented, and its solution seems no nearer, no clearer now than before. But there is a certain originality in the manner of its presentation by Miss Brooke, and her analysis of the character, emotions, and motives of the man, the woman, and the other woman discloses a profound knowledge of human nature. It would hardly be going too far to say that the scene of the explanation between the husband and the wife approaches very near to real greatness. Altogether, it is a remarkable book, and the most remarkable feature of its production is that it could have been written by the lady who produced it. The facts in the case seem, indeed, almost as unaccountable as in the case of the Brontës, for the upbringing of Miss Emma Brooke and her sisters corresponds in many respects to theirs. Hers also was very religious, with a strong leaning to the ascetic and the austere, and her life has been spent in an out-of-the-way village amid gloomily romantic surroundings; so that it seems as unaccountable in her case, as in that of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, whence they could have derived the knowledge of the wider experience which their works disclose, and the close acquaintance with the tempestuous passions that they must be assumed to have escaped. But the world-pain that cries out in the pages written by these quiet little women of secluded lives can never be learned at second hand; one must have felt—or one will never believe—that life is neither rose-coloured nor black nor white, but an awful, unrelieved, leaden gray.

And yet to the young who have just had their first shock of disillusion it seems to be black. Mr. I. K. Friedman has painted it of this sable hue in his sketches of the Chicago Ghetto. His work, with all its repulsiveness, is strong and vivid. Possibly it is also true, although it is hard to believe that such beings really exist and such scenes actually transpire within a stone's throw of our churches and schools and homes; yet his touch has the firmness that carries conviction, and the art of characterisation is one of his gifts. He has made the terrible creatures who people these gruesome tales appallingly real, notably in the instance of the degraded doctor, who destroys a drunken man's sight in order to compel him to support him by begging. There may be such beings in the world, but one shrinks from reading of them and of their unspeakable doings. When realism crosses the boundary into naturalism, it becomes unendurable.

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And there is not a note of ideality throughout the book. There are, however, indications that the absence of this redeeming quality may be owing to some theory of art rather than to any actual lack in the author. In the story of the ballad-writer, at all events, there is a feeling of sympathy which is apparently unconscious, and which would seem to testify that the writer could, if he chose, lift his work above the plane on which it pleases him at present to spend his strength.

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. Street. London and New York: John Lane. $1.50.

It is not very clear who are the wise or the wayward, for no one develops any special wisdom or any distinctive wilfulness. On the contrary, both the husband and the wife, whose marital misery furnishes the motive of the story, have rather more than the average share of wisdom and goodness. It is, in fact, largely this quiet sanity, so strongly in contrast with the hysterical violence of the ordinary novel of the type, that gives the work its repressed power. There is a feeling of the naturalness of the man and the woman, who are trying, in their different blind ways, to do what is right, and yet with whom everything nevertheless goes wrong, as it so often does with honest and well-meaning people in real life. The causes are obvious enough. The husband has come through his fathers with a body only tolerably sound, and a spirit which is peculiarly perverse. He is not very young when he is married, and he has lived as most young men live in London who are fond of amusement and have money to buy it. He belongs to a good club, dines out, dances occasionally, and dips now and then into what passes for Bohemia. He is, in a word, what is bred in the bone, but he has improved upon the paternal example to the extent that he is neither a profligate nor a drunkard. As for the wife, her training as the motherless daughter of an aristocratic adventurer has been, if possible, more unpropitious than his. But, although powerless to feel toward the man whom she is about to marry as she wishes to feel, she hopes that love may come after marriage, and enters upon the new life with the sincerest resolves to do her duty.

"'I am not marrying him for Rowe or to get a position,' she says to a friend. 'Of course, I'm glad to marry. I'm sick of this life; sick of home, sick of going about at a disadvantage. I'm grateful to him You know I look things in the face, and I know how people talk about me. I'm grateful to him, and I mean to do my share and to be a decent wife to him—but I'd marry him anyhow."

Thus, given the conditions under which these two very fallible human beings undertake to spend their lives together, the outcome is a foregone conclusion. Alone together in a great country house, they find out—even earlier than that very common discovery is made—that they have little if anything to talk about. The husband's resources are larger than those of the wife—as they usually are—but the books which he loves, and which are nothing to her, soon become a source of unhappiness. The situation is only too familiar, but it is also one that can never lose its interest, and the author has handled it with such composure, deliberation, and reserve as render it nearly impressive. There is also an element of novelty in the analysis of the husband's first unconscious criticism of the wife's lack of culture, and of her first passionate perception that his refinement is greater than his manfulness. The story rings false at one point. It seems improbable that the wife—or any woman similarly situated—should have proposed to run away with a man whom she was not in love with, and who had given no invitation, who had not even made a profession of love. Still, who can say what a desperate woman will or will not do? And in the main, as has been emphasised, the story bears the imprint of reality.

INTERLUDES. By Maud Oxenden. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

Eight of the nine stories forming this book are philosophical studies of social life in its most sophisticated aspect. "Her Cousin Ernest" especially deals with a peculiarly complex situation, that of a wife who seeks to justify her own frailty by convicting her husband of infidelity. The justification is only to her own conscience, for the work is entirely introspective, and the world has no suspicion of the relation between Isabel Mitford and her cousin, the Rev. Ernest Martin. The story opens with

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a terrible scene between the guilty pair, on the eve of the death of the husband.

"'Well,' says the woman, 'whatever his unknown wrongs, we are quits now—he and I. If we meet in another world he can say nothing to me. If I have been disloyal, so has he. Why do you turn away, Ernest? Are you afraid of words, mere words, or does your conscience hurt you? You are a man. Nothing is counted the same in a man. That woman—I would like to kill her; and yet I ought to kiss her hands in gratitude. Think of what she has saved me from—a never-ending remorse! Now, when I go back to him, and speak gently to him, and when he calls me "darling" and strokes my hand, I do not feel like a traitor, because he is deceiving me as I him; and more—I never pretended to care.'

"'For pity's sake stop!' cried the man. 'It is too awful to hear you. Would I might ask his forgiveness as I ask it of God!'

"'Which of them will hear you?' she asked with a touch of contempt. 'You ought to have run straight, Ernest; you have not strength enough to be a blackguard, as—I suppose—you are.'"

But with the husband's death comes a revelation. The portrait that he has been secretly cherishing, the lock of hair, the bundle of letters, the hidden treasures of which she has caught glimpses, and which have seemed proofs of what she wishes to believe are all her own, are but tenderer testimony to the depth of his love for her.

"'*This* is his revenge,' says the woman to the man, 'though he never meant it—*this*. Do you remember what I said to you, that we were quits now, that if we met again in the other world he could never reproach me? I shall not dare to meet him now. . . . He believed in you and me. And here we both are, with that load we can never get rid of, that we must carry to the end of our days; and he knows now—knows how he was mistaken, deceived! He will have plenty to say to us when we meet, but we shall not meet. You may, perhaps, if you do nothing but say your prayers and fast and mortify yourself to your life's end. You were meant to be good, not bad; but I—I will never meet him. I will become worse than I have ever been, commit any crime, lead any vile life that will ensure my going to a cursed future, where he will not be. He has had his revenge!'"

Most of the stories harp in like morbid manner on the same string of marital infelicity, and the ninth story, "A Mountain Tragedy," differs from the others only in the humbler environment of the miserable man and more miserable woman whom fate has chained together amid perpetual sorrows.

TALES OF LANGUEDOC. By Samuel Jacques Brun. San Francisco: William Doxey. $2.00.

In *Tales of Languedoc* certain oddities of style soon call a halt to the reader's attention.

"My aim in working out this English version has been to give the spirit of the Languedoc, and to do justice to the original, rather than to reach any standard of scientific or of literary value,"

says Mr. Brun's preface. The result lacks homogeneousness, and a ghostly French idiom hovers over the sentences, as, for example, "I knew nothing about the lost keys, it is the landlord who told me of it first." The author is apt to fall into awkward inversions which do not add dramatic force. "Proud and happy the father came," and similar expressions interrupt the general style. There are occasional solecisms, as, "It is needless to describe the reception, or the brave man's joy, nor the grand wedding repast;" "Three tremendous fellows, the sight of which," etc. In his effort to render what he terms the "coarse picturesqueness" of his original Mr. Brun produces oddly incongruous effects: "Whether he was angry with the miller is not certain, but he was awfully agitated."

There are eight of these Languedoc tales joined by the slightest of plots. A white-haired grandfather recounts to his home circle his early experiences, when, like other French lads, he finished his education with a trip through France. He is a perfunctory and rather unsubstantial personage whose stories would be just as valuable without him. Children will be delighted with "How Young Anglas became a Marquis," "A Blind Man's Story," "Three Strong Men," and "The Marriage of Monsieur Arcanvel," which are thrilling dramas of heroic action. They relate the most remarkable events with a simple directness which carries conviction, and there is all the fairy-tale charm of helpful birds and beasts endowed with human speech and of impossible achievement. Good fairy-tale orthodoxy prevails, and the brave and chivalrous hero always attains honour, riches, and the hand of a beautiful princess, while the villain's punishment is adequate to the sternest demand for justice. The emotion expressed is of the simplest, most primitive quality, whether comic or tragic.

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The rollicking humour, suggestive of that in old moralities, delights in farcical situations, as when Mèsté Règé, imprisoned in a cask, draws a cow's tail through the bunghole and rides gaily over the country at the heels of the frantic animal. There is the same rough vigour in tragedy, and when wicked Baptiste blinds his brother with a burning stick the narrator spares us none of the cruel detail.

Mr. Brun tells us that these stories, doubtless of common folklore origin, have been handed down in his family from generation to generation, coloured and changed by their successive narrators. There is an interesting mixture of the practical and the romantic in them all. Back of the imaginative delight in the exaggerated and impossible are hard matter-of-fact appreciation of reality, of work, of the value of money, and a delight in physical strength, which indicate the French peasant origin. The scenes are in actual French towns or on the road to them, and the reality of the setting adds vividness to the action.

Mr. Peixotto's dainty pen-and-ink work illustrates the book copiously and appreciatively, although his pictures are not quite clear or quite simple enough to be in perfect harmony with the bald vigour of the tales.

MY BROTHER. By Vincent Brown. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cts.

The name of the author is unfamiliar, and there is no mention on the title-page of any other work, and yet it seems improbable that this can be the writer's first book. It has a certain sureness of touch which may usually be safely ascribed only to experience, and there is also in it a reserve, a feeling that the author is writing well within his strength, which does not belong to the literary tyro, no matter how strong he may be. These features are all the more marked because there is nothing especially novel in the story itself. The brotherhood that offers even life is as old as the story of David and Jonathan, but out of this well-worn material a most readable story has been woven. The man who loves his friend more than his own life is a hunchback called "the Prophet," half in affection and half in mockery, for a mere atom of misshapen and poverty-stricken humanity seems of little consequence in a great, struggling, selfish world.

"But he held the secret that opened children's hearts. On the grassy, sunlit road outside the gate of the rhododendron path, a group of little ones were lying down watching something intently. Paul moved up to them cautiously, and saw that it was a baby toad. 'It's overcome by the sun,' said he, and picking it up put it in the ditch. 'They don't like much sun, the toads,' said Paul. The children gathered round him. One wee lassie wormed her hand up his sleeve till it came to his elbow.

"'Letty Tomsett,' said Paul, 'you're spyin' out how bony I've grown.'

"'I feel your funny bone,' said Letty.

"'Well, then, leave it alone,' said Paul. 'You'll want to know next what I've had for my dinner.'

"'What?' said Letty.

"'I dunno if I'll tell you for your inquisitiveness. Oh, my, and here's that impident Teddy Barton up my other sleeve. I never did see sich children for pullin' a man to pieces. I'm not a Punch and Judy show, like you saw in your Sunday-school treat.'"

And it is this simple-hearted, gentle creature who suffers in another's place for an atrocious crime. Yet the work is so quiet that no violence is done to the probabilities, and the helplessness of the real criminal who would have come to the rescue of Paul if he could have done so takes away all feeling of bitterness. The effect of the story is a deep perception of *Weltschmerz*, and a deeper consciousness of the bond of universal brotherhood. If it be really the first book of the author, the next work done by him can scarcely fail to be well worth looking for.

SOME WHIMS OF FATE. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. New York: John Lane. $1.00.

The readers of *The Yellow Book* are familiar with the work of this author, and indeed two of the five sketches composing the volume originally appeared in that publication. These are not, however, either the longest or the strongest of the collection. The most ambitious and carefully finished is "The Hint o' Hairst," which was published a year or so ago in *Chambers's Journal*. It is a Scotch story, and there are a good many Scotch stories in these latter days, and the theme, the sacrifice of a nobleman's family to his own vices, has been handled frequently in fiction; yet notwithstanding this double handicap the story is a good one, and makes an impression of freshness and force. The

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character of Sir John Gordon, whose excesses have impoverished his family, and whose neglect has endangered the very life of the villagers, is drawn with considerable skill, and the motive of the story making his selfishness the medium of his own destruction is wrought out with artistic composure. The title of the work has been well chosen, for not only in this story, but in all of the sketches the author has made some whim of fate the central idea, thus giving an harmonious effect to the work—an effect rarely produced by so slight a volume of disconnected stories.

THE FINAL WAR. By Louis Tracy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

We don't know when we have been so much diverted as by the perusal of this book of Mr. Tracy's. It is a perfectly unrestrained flight of British imagination, inspired by *The Battle of Dorking*, and as notable in its way as that classic itself. It differs from it in being wholly improbable and in covering a space of some 450 pages. Mr. Tracy tells how France and Germany combined against England, how Russia joined the alliance, and how the United States, seeing the Anglo-Saxon supremacy of the world seriously threatened, cast in her lot with England, on the basis of a speech delivered in Congress by the Hon. Jeremiah P. Sloker, of Wilmington, Pa., that city having presumably been temporarily removed from Delaware. There are stirring and humorous incidents galore—the defeat of the Continental fleets by the English, the destruction of a Russian squadron by the American Admiral Manan (to be read *Mahan*), the landing of 200,000 American troops on the coast of Germany, where, under "General Smithson," and with the British troops commanded by the Duke of Connaught, they annihilate the German army of Prince Albrecht; the French defeat at Yvetot—the general rout of everybody, in fact, as soon as the Britons and Americans get after them. The Kaiser, at whom many shafts of wit are directed by Mr. Tracy, is reduced to subjection, the Romanoff dynasty is deposed, and finally England and the United States triumphantly assume the control of the world and agree to prevent any further wars. The Queen invests with the Garter not only the President and Vice-President, but the official whom Mr. Tracy calls "the Secretary of State for War." It is a grand and glorious military and political jamboree with a love-story incidentally running through it; and we cordially recommend it to those of our readers who like works of imagination not unmixed with considerable humour, both intentional and unintentional.

VAUDER'S UNDERSTUDY. By James Knapp Reeve. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cents.

When the intention of originality is so obvious as it is in this work it seems to deserve recognition. When one does a commonplace thing in a strenuous way the looker-on is for the moment impressed with a sense of the unusual. Such is the effect of this work, yet it is really the familiar old thesis of platonic love, and there is nothing novel in the fact that the man and the woman enter intentionally upon the rôle, although the author apparently thinks the idea new. In reality, the only unusual feature of the situation is that they succeed in doing what they set out to do; for love, platonic or otherwise, is not usually supposed to come by invitation or the contrary. These two, however, gradually learn to care enough for each other to experience the delightful misery that masquerades under the name of platonic affection, that problem of novelists and poets and philosophers from time immemorial. And they do experience it, with a fervour, not to say fury, so that the story, notwithstanding its old age and long service in life and in fiction, is far from being dull.

THE SEALSKIN CLOAK. By Rolf Boldrewood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Here is a story all of the olden time; it looks like a survival of the past; its date should be about 1830. A kind lady lends a shivering companion a sealskin cloak in a railway train just before a terrible accident. The woman in the cloak is killed and buried; the benevolent one, after a severe and prolonged illness, recovers. But when circumstances permit her to return to her home her husband has married again—for the sake of his children of course. Sorrow has set its mark on Marguerite, and when she becomes her own chil-

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dren's governess and the cherished friend of the family no one recognises her. She has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing herself still lamented, and in beautiful rhetoric. But the second wife has as much to bear in being thus addressed: "Mariana, best of created women, does not this vex your gentle heart? I am ever grateful, God knows! for your sublime tenderness, but I cannot refrain. I shall not long survive this divided life," etc. But he does survive, the second wife very conveniently dying of consumption. Both Gordon and his now recovered wife are slaves to propriety, and do not dare to tell the truth about the whole story; so Marguerite pretends to be Hugh Gordon's third wife, instead of his first, and they emigrate to the colonies, lest any one should find out their romantic history. The story is set to the tune of prunes and prisms; it is quite as solemn as it is improbable. Mr. Boldrewood used to write adventure tales. Has he exhausted his material? Let him gather more, for in the domestic vein he is sadly wearisome and rather absurd, besides being largely reminiscent of a plot that is obviously borrowed from *East Lynne*.

A GUEST AT THE LUDLOW. By Bill Nye. Indianapolis and Kansas City: Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.25.

There is something peculiarly sympathetic in the design of the cover of Mr. Nye's posthumous book, something very suggestive of the jester in cap and bells offering the laurel wreath. The figure might, it is true, have more fittingly held out a big bunch of homely, wholesome immortelles, for that would have seemed more truly representative of the memory this good man has left with the world. There will probably be found in all the immense mass of his work little if anything great enough to live; and yet, on the other hand, there is nothing that were better forgotten. For it is hardly saying too much to say that no writer, no matter how seriously he may have considered his obligation to humanity, has ever been truer to the highest ideals, to all that is sweetest, deepest, and best in life and in mankind than this jester always was in his merriest moments. Of this particular volume, which comes after the kind voice is silent, there is, of course, nothing new to say, since it is in the author's characteristic vein and wanders as far afield as his thoughts were wont to wander. The volume contains twenty-eight sketches, and its scope extends from "A Guest at the Ludlow" to "A Mediæval Discoverer," and from "The Hateful Hen" to "The Dubious Future." The work was prepared for publication several months before the author's death, and bears no evidence of failing powers. The introduction, which has been engraved from the manuscript, reads:

> "Go, little booklet, go,
> Bearing an honoured name,
> Till everywhere that you have went,
> They're glad that you have came."

A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST, AND OTHER STORIES. By Alice Spinner. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

We cannot find sufficient reason for the publication of these stories, as they are not of the sort to make a professional reputation. The author's art is very crude and her creative power slight. When she trusts to her imagination to take her beyond the line of literal experience she is entirely nonplussed. We have only to mention the story of the two New England spinsters travelling in Europe, and the story of Mr. Silas Rock, the American plutocrat, and his wife, to know that the author's acquaintance with her subject and her imagination reach no farther than her somewhat superficial reading has taken her. The dialect of these stories, based solely on the use of "guess" and "reckon" at intervals of about ten words each, is something no New Englander ever encountered.

Still, the volume has redeeming traits. The author knows the West Indies at first hand, and such a sketch as she has given us of the half-breed Margaret—drawn straight from life and without addition or extenuation—is good reading. Her first story, too, "A Reluctant Evangelist," has a strong subject treated not without sympathy and a certain sincere power. We can say of the stories as a whole that their sentiment is unforced and wholesome.

RODNEY STONE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

This must rank among the first four or five of Mr. Doyle's books. Perhaps

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only *Micah Clarke* and *Sherlock Holmes* surpass it. There is a certainty and a power in his dealing with English history to which he never attains when he seeks his theme abroad. *Rodney Stone* is a tale of the early part of this century, and will probably have a sequel, as the hero at the end is only at the outset of his career, going off with Nelson to Trafalgar. Nelson is hardly needed for this story, but he gives the colour of the period, and we forgive any irrelevance if he is the link between this tale and the next. It is the Prize Ring, not the Navy, that is the inspirer of the book. The Ring is supposed just now to be very wholesome. At least an admiration for its past is held to check decadence. So be it. The fighting scenes are vigorous enough to please such as are interested in the Fancy; though we think greater dignity would have been given to the sport had Mr. Doyle allowed Jim to take part in the famous encounter with Wilson. No, the blacksmith's nephew had been discovered to be the heir to a peerage, and the noble father refused his consent. But for the sake of the Ring, Mr. Doyle should have forced him. We confess to admiring in ignorance the fighting scenes. We feel ourselves on safer ground in applauding the writer's charitable and intelligent belief, often and diversely expressed in the course of the story, that, beneath the foolish foppery, and idleness, and frivolous eccentricities of the bucks of the day, lay the capability of something solid and noble and valiant.

WYMPS, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Evelyn Sharp. With Coloured Illustrations and a Cover by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. New York: John Lane. $1.75.

Wymps and its companions are very witty stories, but they have not the uncomfortable, puzzling wit that sets grown-up people laughing, and leaves children frowning and disappointed. Their wit is genuine, direct, enjoyable, but wit all the same, not mere crude farcical fun. The author has an excellent style for this kind of thing. She comes to the point rapidly and with effect, and her invention never gives out. "Wymps" itself, and "In Toyland" have filled us with the highest admiration. Mrs. Dearmer's pictures are such as children would make for themselves if they could. There is never any doubt about them. They are admirably drawn, and in colour they have that frank gorgeousness, without which the wholesome youthful eye is never quite satisfied. A word should be said for the excellence of the colour-printing.

AN UNCROWNED KING: A Romance of High Politics. By Sydney C. Grier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Successful as Mr. Grier's previous works of fiction have been, we should imagine that his present venture would find even a wider popularity. An English nobleman is invited to the throne of "Thracia," an invitation which eventually he accepts. How he makes his way to the country that has adopted him, how he falls in love on the way, how his worldly-wise brother attempts and fails to manage him, how he loses his kingdom but wins his bride, is all told in so graphic, vigorous, and entertaining a style that few readers will pause till they reach the end. There is a judicious mixture of love-making and politics and plotting, of dark schemers and lovable lovers, a little fighting, and some excellent talk. A distant flavour of *The Prisoner of Zenda* hangs round the book, but Mr. Grier's characters and plot and method are all thoroughly original. Any one who wishes to enjoy a novel of first-rate quality, brilliant and rapid as a drama, should read *An Uncrowned King*.

THE SCRAPE THAT JACK BUILT. By Ottilie A. Lilijencrantz. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Unless a juvenile book be a work of genius, like, for example, *The Jungle Stories*, the grown-up reviewer is scarcely entitled to express an opinion of it, since it cannot be expected to appeal to any other than the audience to which it is addressed. So that it is hard to know what to say of such a story as *The Scrape that Jack Built*. To the mature mind it seems rather a commonplace scrape—much of the kind that most mischievous boys build. Yet it is described in a spirited way, and there may be boys—and girls as well—who will follow with breathless interest the solution of the mystery of the ghost.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD. By John Fulton. New York: The Macmillan Company for the Columbia University Press. $2.50.

The death of a college president is nearly always followed, as a matter of course, by the publication of a memorial volume in some form or other, though usually written from a strictly personal and local point of view, and therefore interesting chiefly to the immediate friends of the institution and of the man. The present work differs from the typical academic memoir in two important respects. In the first place, Dr. Fulton has made his book not merely the story of an individual career, but a picture of educational and even national conditions; and in the second place, so far as the book is a biography, it is a biography written not from the standpoint of the perfunctory eulogist, but with the discrimination and impartial judgment that one finds in historical portraiture. The result of these two departures from tradition is eminently satisfactory, giving us a useful contribution to American educational history, and at the same time a true and interesting picture of one who well deserves consideration. Under the former head we have some very curious glimpses of Southern life in the Gulf States, of society in a Southern university town before the war, and of the peculiar difficulties besetting a Northern man who made his home in a Southern community in the days when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was being written, and when the premonitory thunder of the Battle of Armageddon was beginning to reverberate. Under the second head we have a very frank disclosure of Dr. Barnard as he actually was, of his weaknesses as well as of his strength. Few writers of a memorial volume would have had the courage to give in detail the curious account of how, in 1860, in answer to specific charges of "unfriendliness to Southern institutions," Dr. Barnard appeared before the University Trustees at Oxford, Miss., and made a positive statement ending with these words, "I am a slaveholder, and, if I know myself, I am 'sound on the slavery question';" and how, nevertheless, in 1863, having then come North, he published a letter to President Lincoln denouncing slavery as barbarous, loathsome, unjust, "cursed of Christian men, and hated of God." Few biographers, we say, would have been so frank; yet in his frankness Dr. Fulton is fully justified, for this episode is remarkably characteristic and typical. Dr. Barnard, was not, we think, fundamentally insincere; but he had a certain mercurial instability of motive that too often produced the effect of insincerity. Impetuous, impulsive, always attracted by a new idea, and always extreme in its pursuit, he displayed a curious facility for ignoring the past and for spurning consistency, so that he could at times with difficulty be held even to his own written undertakings. Yet it may be questioned whether this eagerness for change and this extreme openness to new influences were not, after all, the very means by which he was enabled to give so strong an impulse to the development of the university idea after his connection with Columbia College began, in 1864. That institution, then in the day of small things, had been for so many decades financially crippled and hampered in its work, the necessity for careful economy and frugality had so long been present before every mind, that when conditions changed and its annual revenues swelled to magnificent proportions, its Trustees were unable all at once to accept the new view of their functions which this change entailed. They were still, as before, cautious, timid, and averse to the assumption of great responsibilities; and had a more conservative type of President succeeded Dr. King, Columbia to-day might still have been passing through the modified gymnasial stage of development. But with Dr. Barnard conservatism was temperamentally impossible. His eager imagination rushed at once to splendid possibilities, and he saw in mind already the great metropolitan university of to-day. The history of his administration is a history of one unending effort for the realisation of an ideal; and probably no other man could have done more to bring this end to pass. Many of his schemes were in detail impracticable, some of them

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were even absurd ; but his ambition was a noble one, and his conception of Columbia's duty was eminently sound. When he at last retired, in 1887, his work was finished, and the object sought by him so ardently was won. His retirement, indeed, at the time when it occurred was no less fortunate for the college than had been his assumption of the presidency in 1863 ; for of all men he was the most unfitted to carry out the innumerable and minute details involved in the transformation of a great college into a great university. A man of excessive and unreasonable prejudices, often arrogant in manner and always intolerant of opposition, inaccessible except to those who happened to enjoy his personal favour, indifferent to details and despising small things, viewing the student body as something wholly remote from his personal sympathies ; and, moreover, being afflicted with a physical infirmity that made intercourse with him both difficult and uncertain, he lacked absolutely the judicial temperament and the tact that are indispensable to a great administrator. Had he undertaken the task of directing Columbia's evolution into a university, he would have failed, with discredit to himself and disaster to the institution. That task was, indeed, extremely difficult—how difficult only those who stood nearest to it will ever know. To give symmetry and coherence to so unwieldy a congeries of schools and faculties, to introduce system where chaos had ruled before, to co-ordinate and correlate, to abolish incongruity, to plan a simple yet elastic form of government, to reconcile so many conflicting interests and allay so many traditional prejudices, and at the same time to accomplish this so smoothly and so judiciously as not merely to avoid perceptible friction, but to secure the cordial co-operation of all—surely this has been one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of university organisation. Dr. Barnard, however, did his part, and on the whole he did it well ; and it is, indeed, high praise of him to say that his labours made possible the work of his successor.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL ; OR, THE HUMOURISTS. By Washington Irving. Two volumes. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.00.

The Surrey Edition of this delightful work is indeed the most sumptuous presentation of *Bracebridge Hall* ever issued. If "Geoffrey Crayon" had foreseen this day he might have been less timid with the "worthy reader," and addressed him with the proper pride born of such splendour of book-making. Now that Washington Irving is accepted as a classic in his own country and out of it, and is universally and perennially read, he must needs be clothed with fine raiment and embellished with ornamental borders for the ready indulgence of those who buy for the glitter and the gloss, but rarely read for the sake of the intrinsic beauty of the work. For those who like their standard authors in fine editions, there could be no more beautiful edition of Irving's works than has been for some years annually produced by the Messrs. Putnam. The present edition sustains the æsthetic taste shown in the presentation of the previous volumes. The coloured borders on every page enclosing the text, printed from new plates, are from designs by Margaret Armstrong, and the photogravure illustrations—there are about thirty of them—are the work of well-known pictorial artists. It ranks among the few very handsome gift-books of the season.

A CHILD-WORLD. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis ; The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25.

"The Child-world—long and long since lost to view—
A Fairy Paradise !—
How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes
With treasures of surprise !"

This is the note that is struck by the poet at the outset in his new book of verse, and it is sustained with variations all through the continuous narrative of child and old-home life—laughter and tears, humour and pathos alternating in dialect and serious verse. The "affluent hours" of childhood are made to yield their old enchantments through the mellowed affections and fond imagination of the poet. Tales of the olden times linger lovingly on the lips of the narrators, memories of the long days, with their long thoughts and bright fancies, blossom with romance in the scenes and characters recalled by the poet's magical wand. It is *The Old Homestead* played over again in verse,

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issuing from the poet's heart and singing itself into the hearts of the common people. For these poems are for the people. Mr. Riley is a people's poet, thoroughly democratic in his sympathies, simple in his tastes, blowing his clear, liquid notes on a single pipe; but ah! how sensitively the fingers play over it, how the song rises like a fountain jet of joy and falls in a glorious rainbow spray, or wanders down the dark valley, weeping among the willows and grating against the reeds. The heartsome flavour of nature permeates and sweetens the onomatopoetic lines. Listen to this, for instance:

"The liquid, dripping songs of orchard-birds—
The wee bass of the bees,—
With lucent deeps of silence afterward;
The gay, clandestine whisperings of the breeze
And glad leaves of the trees."

Long after we have forgotten the drollery and fun and quaint pictures in the Hoosier dialect, the lyric note will haunt us, the homely sentiment will remind us, and the memory of our child hood will spring up again when we think of Mr. Riley's *A Child-World*.

"O Child-world: after this world—just as when
I found you first sufficed
My soulmost need—if I found you again,
With all my childish dream so realised,
I should not be surprised."

CONSTANTINOPLE. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Maria H. Lansdale. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $5.00.

VENICE: HER HISTORY, ART, INDUSTRIES, AND MODERN LIFE. By Charles Yriarte. Translated from the French by F. J. Sitwell. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $3.00.

A book on Constantinople or Venice lends itself readily to illustration, and in presenting the above two standard works to the public the publishers have made ample and artistic use of their resources. Both books are held in high estimation, and need no recommendation from the reader's point of view. It remains to be said that the fifty full-page photogravure illustrations contributed to each work have been skilfully transferred from choice photographs, procured from reliable leading photographers in Constantinople and Venice. These illustrations have for their subjects the varying types of character and the various sites and scenes of historic and actual interest to be found there. A map is added to the *Constantinople*, and each work is carefully indexed. Binding, typography, and illustrations are excellent, and deserve to win for these exquisite holiday books the admiration they seek.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Collected and edited by Jennie Thorn Clarke, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

"So far as the writer knows," says Mr. Harris in the short introduction, "this volume is the first of American anthologies devoted wholly to verses produced by Southern writers. There have been collections of the war poetry of the South, and there are others that deal with all forms of Southern literary talent; but the following pages are given over entirely to selections from the writings of those who have made contributions to American verse."

This book presents a very fair collection of poems, which, with a few exceptions, do not reach high lyrical expression. It must be remembered that they are the utterance of a people bred in leisure and pleasure, in a climate that engenders fancy and sentiment rather than ruggedness, strength, or asceticism. A few verses from a poem, by Samuel Henry Dickson, will explain the environment:

"I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak-tree,—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

"The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

* * * * *

"There the humming-bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

"There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will."

This type of American, who revels in all the delights of the senses, is entirely opposed to the point of view of the

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New England Puritan, who has mastered the country and dominated American letters. While he built his schools and developed a national education and a national literature, the Southerner preferred the education of the Old World for his sons, and usually sent them to Oxford or Cambridge. His library was always stocked with English classics, and he ignored the works of his Northern brothers. The most noticeable features of the collection as a whole are the feeling for rhythm and the musical sound of words; the suggestions of flowers and perfumes; the intense sentiment; and the fiery, earnest patriotism.

Edgar Allan Poe is represented by "The Bells," "The Raven," "Israfel," "The Haunted Palace," and "Annabel Lee;" Sidney Lanier by "The Marshes of Glynn," "Acknowledgment," "The Mocking-Bird," and the beautiful "Song of the Chattahoochee;" Henry Timrod by "Spring," "The Cotton Boll," "Hark to the Shouting Wind;" and there are also poems by Maurice Thompson, Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Burns Wilson, John B. Tabb, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Samuel Minturn Peck, Paul H. Hayne, and James Lane Allen. The women include: Sarah M. B. Piatt, Mary Ashley Townsend, Margaret J. Preston, and Lizette W. Reese.

"The Back-Log," by Innes Randolph, gives a vivid picture of Christmas Eve and its customs at Thornton Hall, with its roaring fires, good cheer, and merry-making; "Uncle Gabe's White Folks," by Thomas Nelson Page, is a fine story of the loyalty and affection of the old slave for his people; and there is a highly humorous account of the Origin of the Banjo, by Irwin Russell, misprinted as the "Origin of the Fiddle." The verse is not recent; but to the Southerner especially it will be cordially welcomed, for it contains many poems only to be found in buried periodicals. As a rule, the highest note is reached in the patriotic hymns. Beginning with "The Star-Spangled Banner," written on Maryland soil, and "Maryland, my Maryland," always sung to the old German folk-song of "Tannenbaum," we find the particular battle-lyrics of the South, such as "Dixie," "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night," and "The Sword of Lee" and "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. Of the latter it is only just to say that, read without prejudice, it is one of the most dignified, solemn, and admirable of patriotic songs.

"Marion, the Swamp Fox," by a half forgotten novelist, William Gilmore Simms, is a stirring ballad, which, although somewhat old-fashioned in flavour, justifies rereading, as will be seen by the first verse:

"We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men."

While not pretending to rank with the best anthologies of verse, this book of Southern songs is an interesting addition to American literature.

A BOOK OF SCOUNDRELS. By Charles Whibley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Every sane person prefers an honest scoundrel to a hypocritical saint, and every one who has had the proper literary nurture delights in turning occasionally from the dull present to the past for a bit of roystering adventure. Centuries of Puritan sway can never crush the bold Cavalier spirit that runs like a scarlet thread through the English race. There is a bracing atmosphere about this book, which treats of the golden age of the highway; it stirs the blood to read of reckless "highwaymen who could rob like gentlemen" and go to Tyburn like heroes.

This combination of gentleman-adventurer, dandy, hero, and robber of coaches on the highway has been preserved by Austin Dobson in his vigorous and dramatic ballad of "Beau Brocade." Of this type Captain Hind stands first.

"In bravery, as in gallantry, he knew no rival, and he plundered with so elegant a style, that only a churlish victim could resent the extortion. He would as soon have turned his back upon an enemy as demand a purse uncovered. For every man he had a quip, for every woman a compliment; nor did he ever conceal the truth that the means were for him as important as the end. . . . The middle of the seventeenth century was, in truth, the golden age of the Road. Not only were all the highwaymen Cavaliers, but many a Cavalier turned highwayman. Broken at their King's defeat, a hundred captains took pistol and vizard, and

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revenged themselves as freebooters upon the King's enemies."

This explains why Hind "never left any man, save a Roundhead, penniless upon the road."

Another chapter is devoted to Moll Cutpurse, the heroine of Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, for she had a "voice that will drown the city." Other papers are devoted to Jonathan Wild and Ralph Briscoe, her contemporaries, equally gifted in the art of lifting purses, and equally familiar with the Bear Garden and the fantastic adventurer of the road. Among the most conspicuous dandies are "Sixteen-String Jack" and "Deacon Brodie," who also furnish themes for discussion. The former took his name from the sixteen gay ribbons which he wore at each knee. Sometimes he appeared in a scarlet coat, a tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings, and lace hat, and for his trial he dressed himself like a light-hearted sportsman in new buckskin breeches, coat and waistcoat of pea-green cloth, and wore a silver cord around his hat. "Deacon Brodie" was even more elegant. He went to trial in a sedan-chair, and stepped jauntily into the presence of the judges in a blue coat, a waistcoat embroidered in gay flowers, satin breeches, white silk stockings, powdered hair, and cocked hat, which attire procured for him the reception due to a man of fashion.

The historical material is drawn from the *Newgate Calendar;* but the essays are written in a virile, brilliant style, with dashing vigour and swing of word and phrase that accord with the subject-matter. Mr. Whibley has a happy manner of balancing the characters by drawing Plutarchian *parallels*, as he terms the short essays placed every now and then between the biographical studies. The other scoundrels include Gilderoy, Jack Shepherd, George Barrington, Charles Peace, "Gentleman Harry," and the French Cartouche, Vaux, and "The Man in the Gray Suit."

While we cannot agree with Mr. Whibley that "the wise man sighs for those fearless days, when the brilliant Macheath rode vizarded down Shooter's Hill, and presently saw his exploits set forth with the proper accompaniment of a renowned and ancient woodcut, upon a penny broadsheet," we do agree with this invective:

"The world, which was the joyous playground of highwaymen and pickpockets, is now the Arcadia of swindlers. The man who once went forth to meet his equal on the road now plunders the defenceless widow or the foolish clergyman from the security of an office. He has changed Black Bess for a brougham, his pistol for a cigar; a sleek chimney-pot sits upon the head which once wore a jaunty hat. three-cornered; spats have replaced the tops of ancient times; and a heavy fur coat advertises at once the wealth and inaction of the modern brigand. . . . He steals without risking his skin or his respectability. He is generally a pillar (or a buttress) of the church, and oftentimes a mayor; with his ill-gotten wealth he promotes charities and endows schools. . . . But how much worse is he than the High-toby-cracks of old! They were as brave as lions; he is a very louse for timidity. His conduct is meaner than the conduct of the most ruffianly burglar that ever worked a centre-bit."

WITH MY NEIGHBOURS. By Margaret E. Sangster. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

There is just a suggestion of William Cobbett in the plainness and honesty of these papers. There is a resolute conviction about them, too, that, though free altogether from his strenuousness and egoism, recalls his "Advice to Young Men." Mrs. Sangster speaks to women, particularly the women of the common people, who do much to make the world what it is. Argument she eschews, and of profound thought there is no evidence in her sayings—mere *obiter dicta* on every-day matters touching every day people. Her sympathy is as broad as the land, but her vision, political economists would say, is narrow. To the suffering she would minister as do those who have learned the methods of first aid to the injured, leaving the patients then in Nature's hands. She would cure the sweat-shop evil by buying only those ready-made articles of clothing that are comparatively dear, ignoring the natural law of trade rather than seeking a way to make it bear less hardly on those whom it oppresses. Her philosophy, such as it is, is negative rather than positive. She exhorts women what not to do more often than what to do. They are to increase their influence for happiness not by being more unselfish, but less unselfish; they are to ameliorate the hardships of life by not washing and mending and sweeping so much, and so conserving their energies for beneficent activity in less arduous fields. How the wives and daughters of small farmers and labourers are to accomplish this, without risk of retaliation from outraged laws of hy-

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giene, is not made plain. There is, however, much that is helpful in what Mrs. Sangster says, and where her advice is taken with common sense it may often lead to easier and better living where comfort and contentment are all too scarce. But in days of unrest such as these it is not well to rely too much on that assistant to the wise application of rules of conduct. The essays are republished from religious periodicals.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURIST. By E. H. Lacon Watson. New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.

The Unconscious Humourist is the title which covers the fifteen essays composing this book. Skipping the dissertation on the "Essay," we come to the discussion which gives the book its title. There follows further on "An Examination of the Commonplace." Something said in this essay is apropos of what characterises these lively and readable pages; "the commonplace is with us always," he says, "but it is ever assuming new forms and appearing under a new guise. Unexpectedly we find it waiting in our path, just when we imagined we had shaken off its pursuit." Trite and commonplace as Mr. Watson's themes may be, we always find ourselves following a new train of thought, entering an unaccustomed path, treading familiar walks with fresh gleams of light falling about us. Such a book makes us long in very truth for the return of the essay—once as fashionable and as popular a form of literature as is fiction now.

A BOOK OF OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Edited with an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

As the flower of the field, blooming in wild, riotous luxuriance, is to the garden flower, trimmed and cultivated, so is the old English ballad to the modern ballad, striking and picturesque though it often is. The aim at work in this collection of popular ballads of the days of "Chevy Chase" and "Flodden Field" and "Robin Hood and Allen-a Dale," is primarily to make more familiar these royal weeds of genuine poetry, and to induce a fresh interest and feeling in their essential beauty and sentiment. No attempt has been made to follow a chronological order, or to enforce a rigid principle of selection in bringing together these songs of the people. They stand not as an anthology, but as a representation of the range, the descriptive felicity, the dramatic power, and true poetic feeling of the once popular ballad, now passed away with the conditions which produced them. Mr. Mabie's introductory paper is an acute and scholarly criticism of the old ballad and the life which gave it birth and vitality. He traces its causes, its growth, the theories of its authorship, and accounts for its popularity, its power, and decadence. Mr. Mabie's essay in itself will give value to this collection, which is further enhanced by the full-page decorative drawings and head and tail pieces by George Wharton Edwards. It is evident that Mr. Edwards has carefully studied his subjects, as his reproductions are full of the sweet ballad grace and legendary charm, and yet breathe the rude vigour and virility of its warring elements. The book-making is excellent, and inside and out is a work of art.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Edited by Augustine Birrell. 6 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

Mr. Birrell says in his preface that there is "always somebody reading Johnson." And there are always a great many persons reading Boswell. Hereafter Boswell and Johnson may be read in the first ideal edition that has been made of the famous book. "Holy zeal and the most absolute conviction" have driven Mr. Birrell to be a Boswell-Johnson missionary, and no more tactful and persuasive missionary ever embraced a cause. The internal arrangements of the new edition are in the best hands of all, while of the externals we can say that they extend far beyond the merely satisfactory. The volumes are light to hold and charming to look at; in short, marvels of good taste, good type, and good sense.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. With portraits. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3 50.

Mr. Birrell is also the editor of the new two-volumed Browning. It is a handsome edition, and the second volume will make it a complete one. A chronological order has been adhered to, save where this would interfere with

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some of the poet's own rearrangements. There are a few notes: those for "The Ring and the Book" are by Mr. F. G. Kenyon. The edition, however, aims chiefly at providing a good and complete text in a convenient dress, and does not profess to include a Browning commentary. It is difficult to find any fault with the form in which it has been sent out.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Herbert S. Stone and Company, of Chicago, publish a collection of good stories from the *Chap-Book*, with a very attractive cover in boards and the title *Chap-Book Stories*. Among the authors represented are Katharine Bates, Maria Louise Pool, Clinton Ross, Octave Thanet, and Grace Ellery Channing. The book is exceedingly good reading. (Price, $1.25.)——Miss Edith M. Thomas's latest volume of verse is entitled *A Winter Swallow* after the first poem in it, which is based upon the very touching story of Chelonis and Cleombrotus. A distinctly classical flavour is perceptible throughout the entire volume. We could wish, however, that Miss Thomas would not make her Greeks speak of "Venus Victrix," and that while keeping to Poseidon and Ilion and Athena, she would abstain from thrusting in the bastard Latin form "Ulysses." But the verse is graceful and tender, like everything that she writes. (Scribners. $1.50.) ——Miss Alice Morse Earle has written an interesting little book on *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days*, in which the bilboes, the ducking-stool, the pillory, the stocks, branks, gags, and other devices for restraining and discouraging evil-doers form the subject of separate chapters. The illustrations in seventeenth-century style are supplied by Mr. Frank Hazenplug. In noticing the book, we should like to ask Miss Earle what she means by "demeaning punishments." (Herbert S. Stone and Company. $1.50.) —— The Messrs. Scribner send us what is probably the *édition définitive* of the poems of the late H. C. Bunner, containing also short introductory note by Professor Brander Matthews. (Price, $1.75.)

During the Presidential campaign now happily ended, we received about two tons of pamphlets relating to the issues then before the people. We never mustered up the courage to print any notices of them, because THE BOOKMAN is not in politics, and we didn't want to get into trouble. Stirring over the pile the other day, however, we turned up one small pamphlet whose cover gave us much delight. It bears upon its lilac face, in enormous black letters, the following: STOP THIEVES!!! AMERICA NO BUCKET-SHOP! We have not looked inside, and we haven't the faintest idea whether it was written to advocate the claims of Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, or those estimable gentlemen, whose names we cannot at the present time remember, who headed the tickets of the Prohibitionists, the Socialists, and the Labour Party. This does not matter now; but the cover remains an abiding joy, and is well worth the modest sum of five cents, which is its price. (Cincinnati: the Robert Clarke Company.)

The latest volumes in the Illustrated Standard Novels Series, by the Macmillan Company, are Captain Marryat's *The King's Own*, which is exquisitely illustrated by F. H. Townsend, and *The Phantom Ship*, illustrated in an equally spirited fashion by H. R. Millar. Mr. David Hannay writes a graceful introduction to both books. (Price, each, $1.50.) *Beatrix* and *The Peasantry*, by Balzac, are also added by the same Company to the Dent edition of the great French writer's work, which is being ably edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. There are three etched drawings in each volume. (Price, each, $1.50.) This firm has also issued another volume, making the fifth, of their fine edition of Björnstjerne's works. *The Bridal March* and *One Day* are included in this volume. (Price, $1.25.)

A fragment by Robert Louis Stevenson, called *A Mountain Town in France*, with five illustrations from drawings by the author, has been published by John Lane. Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and the price is $1.50 net. The December BOOKMAN contained a lengthy extract from this bit of Stevensoniana, and also reproduced one of the illustrations. It is very tastefully bound and printed.——*Nine Love Songs and a Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, which we announced recently, has now been published, and will not fail to

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find its way to the music-room for lack of beauty and attractiveness in its arrangement and style.

Mr. William Winter's *Gray Days and Gold*, which has appeared in several forms since its original publication in 1892, is honoured once more with a new dress, this time with one befitting the season. Bound in a substantial yet ornate cover, with gilt edges, illustrated with photogravures and with text cuts, and printed in clear, bold type, it is likely to take a new lease of life, starting as an attraction during the holidays. (Price, $2.50.) The Macmillan Company also publish a selection from Rudyard Kipling's short stories, which they have called *Soldiers' Stories*, made attractive by a number of illustrations. (Price, $1.50.) The new book in the English Classics Series, bound in black and gold with full gilt edges ($2.00), which the Macmillans issue annually, contains Sheridan's *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal*. The charming pen-and-ink illustrations are by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., makes an excellent advocate, as might be expected, for his author in the Introduction. Three beautiful books, viewed from the artistic side, for boys and girls come to us from the same company—namely, *Songs for Little People*, by Norman Gale ($2.00) ; *The Book of Wonder Voyages*, edited by Joseph Jacobs ($1.50), and *Tales from Hans Andersen* ($1.00), all illustrated by the New Artist. A few months ago we took pleasure in introducing the first volume of a new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and in speaking warmly in its praise. We have now the second volume before us ($2.00). The edition is to be completed in seven volumes, and is being issued in this country by the Macmillan Company.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have reissued the once immensely popular books of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham in a new illustrated edition. There is still, we believe, considerable demand for *The Throne of David*, *The Pillar of Fire*, and *The Prince of the House of David*, and the present edition will doubtless find a ready reception from many readers. (Price, $2.00 per volume.) The same firm publishes another volume, *Juana*, in their Balzac library. This leaves only one volume now to complete the edition. (Price, $1.50.)——*Heroes and Hero-Worship*, by Thomas Carlyle, is the third volume in the Nineteenth Century Classics edited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an introduction, and there is a fine photogravure portrait of Carlyle, from Millais's unfinished picture painted in 1877.——Five volumes have now been issued of Mark Twain's works by the Messrs. Harper in their new and illustrated edition. The latest volume contains *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, *Tom Sawyer Detective*, *etc.* (Price, $1.75.)——*Alone in China, and Other Stories*, by Julian Ralph, has afforded Mr. C. D. Weldon a wealth of illustration ; indeed, the illustrator and writer are equally in evidence, a page of illustration being sandwiched between almost every two pages of text. What with Julian Ralph's graphic powers of narration and Mr. Weldon's ready brush, they make a very picturesque book between them. Harper and Brothers. (Price, $2.00.)——*The Village of Youth* is the title of a book of charming fairy tales, by Bessie Hatton, which will delight young and old. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by the F. A. Stokes Company. (Price, $1.50.) Mr. Quiller-Couch's narration of *Fairy Tales Far and Near*, published by the same firm, we announced some time ago. It is a seasonable book, and as for the author's part, the magic of his imagination lies upon every page. (Price, $1.50.)——Messrs. Silver, Burdette and Company publish *The Masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Milton*, its chief attraction being found in the fine process pictures representing the art of Michael Angelo. (Price, $1.50.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

We publish in this department so many criticisms of ourselves that one might suppose our readers generally to be in a perpetual state of revolt against us. But, happily, such is not the case. We receive far more letters of commendation than of censure, and some of them are so very prettily turned and so delightfully cordial that we should like to print them did not our inconvenient but quite invincible modesty prevent. Even our most inveterate critics generally wind up their censures with an emollient word of praise, and this is why we come to these periodic contests with so much good humour, regarding them as amicable little bouts with the best of good friends, and feeling perfectly willing to take as well as to give our share of all the blows that are going. With these remarks, by way of preliminary, we go down once more into the arena and prepare again to mingle in the fray.

I.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, of Gramercy Square in this city, who must read THE BOOKMAN with truly supernatural minuteness, and who is in consequence one of the most ingeniously ubiquitous of our challengers, caracoles into the lists this month with some very pointed questions. He likewise devotes several pages to a general review of our editorial work. This criticism we have perused with a good deal of attention, as giving the verdict of a clever and cultivated observer; but we are not egotistical enough to suppose that it would equally interest our readers. His specific criticisms, however, we gladly print in the order in which he sets them down, and we answer them as best we may. Here they are:

1. Are you not afraid that your comments on that new English Grammar will warrant the authors in believing that you think they are unkind enough to be right, because (as to that Anglo-Saxon verb) the more they are right the more 'tis a libel?

No, we are not in the least bit afraid of any such result; though it may be that our remarks on the subject of Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell's Grammar were not sufficiently elaborated to be wholly clear. To tell the truth, we are so weary of battling against the barbarous misuse of the passive voice that we always cut our criticisms of it down to the smallest possible space. However, just to oblige Mr. Sage, we will hark back to the subject again and try to be more explicit. Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell gave the illustrative sentence, "She is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy," as though it were identical in principle with such a loathsome sentence as "He was given a dinner." We said by way of commentary that it was superficially clever of the authors to make one of the apparent objects of the verb an infinitive clause rather than a noun, and that they had probably picked out the verb "to teach," because its Anglo-Saxon ancestor governed two accusatives. What we did not say, but what we might have said, was that if they were going to be so very Anglo-Saxon they should have remembered that the Anglo-Saxon infinitive is not the accusative case of the verbal noun at all, but the dative; that in consequence the apparent double accusative in the active form of the sentence disappears; and that with it the bottom drops out of their whole argument. We trust that Mr. Sage sees the point.

2. What Briton on your staff is authorised to write "There *has* been a number?"

No Briton, but a very good American. As the word "number" is a noun in the singular, we say "There has been a number" just as we should say "There has been an army." This instruction seems a little elementary for a person so advanced as Mr. Sage. Of course it would not be incorrect to use the plural form of the verb if one chose to let his mind dwell upon the multiplicity of the constituent parts rather than upon the unity of the collocation. Probably in this matter our mind works differently from Mr. Sage's, but as it's all the mind we have, we're obliged to worry along with it the best way we can.

3. Why do you call the use of "except the owners were known" a slip when the conjunc-

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tional use of "except" is old enough for respect?

See the answer to No. 6.

4. Why do you let Claudius Clear say in your presence "the most likely to survive of *any new book?*"

Because we are not responsible for Claudius Clear, and when we quote an author we believe in setting down his exact words and not rewriting them to suit our own grammatical views.

5. Which of your theosophical grammarians re-incarnated *is* to *ought to be* by a change of mood?

This criticism is technically correct so far as the verbal form goes, though in sense "ought to be" is potential and not indicative. We were carelessly wrong in the letter and right in the spirit. Suppose we call this a draw.

6. Don't you see that "*an* hotel" is not fairly condemned as h-dropping unless you condemn "*an* historical illustration" and the like?

Mr. Sage is not alone in raising this point against us. We have received a whole sheaf of letters on the subject. One of them is from a lady in Sierra Madre, Cal., who writes a most beautiful English hand, and who signs herself "An Ardent Admirer of THE BOOKMAN." She quotes our sentences on Mr. Henry James and "an hotel," and unkindly says that we shall never be considered scholarly while we allow pseudo-critical remarks like that to appear in our pages. Then she quotes a rule of English grammar to the effect that "before all words beginning with *h*, not accented on the first syllable, *an* shall be used," and hence she concludes her letter with a comfortable if cruel sensation of having put us to complete confusion.

Now we are sorry to bother those for whom we feel so much esteem, but we really must ask them to go back to the November BOOKMAN, and read our sentences on Mr. Henry James in the light of their context, so as to inform themselves more exactly as to the point that we were making. We had made the remark that American writers who live long in England usually show the effect of their constant association with Englishmen by introducing into their books locutions that are essentially English and not American. In illustration of this we cited Mr. Harold Frederic's use of "except" in the sense of "unless," and Mr. James's use of "an hotel" for "a hotel." We did not find any fault with these usages; we expressed no opinion on the subject at all; but we merely stated, what is the truth, that they are English and not American. As a matter of fact, while Americans generally say "a hotel," we much prefer "an hotel," both because of the rule cited by our Sierra Madre correspondent, and because, *hôtel* being a French word, the initial *h* is silent. Therefore it may be cheerfully conceded that Mr. James, though not speaking like an American, is right. And so are we.

A propos of h-dropping, another correspondent, Mr. J. E. Howell, of Newark, N. J., calls our attention to the amusing fact that the Englishman who writes the preface to the edition of *Macbeth* in the Temple Shakespeare apparently spells as he evidently pronounces, in writing the name of the great Shakespearian scholar as "Alliwell Phillipps"

II.

Since we notified our contributors, actual and intending, that we should not return rejected manuscripts, even though postage stamps should be enclosed, we have received many letters of protest, some of them very indignant in their tone; and some of the newspapers have commented on the same thing with more or less acerbity. It is evidently thought to be a novel and unheard-of thing, and indicative of great arrogance on our part. But as a matter of fact, there is plenty of precedent for it. The rule has always been in force with the English *Bookman*, the wording of whose notice we copied, and some of the great London reviews make the same announcement every week, notably the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. And, indeed, we think that there is no hardship involved in this. Most manuscripts that we receive are typewritten, as all of them ought to be; and it is easy enough for the author when getting them typed to have several carbon copies made. So we must hold by our rule in the interest of our own convenience, for surely even an editor is entitled to look after his comfort, once in a while.

III.

A Philadelphian puts two questions to us, which we print herewith.

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1. I should like to know why THE BOOKMAN writes "hon*our*," "col*our*," "neighb*our*," etc. I do it myself, but I should like to know *your* reasons.

We have two reasons, a superficial one and a philosophical one. The superficial reason is that we think the spelling adopted by us is more elegant than the current American one. The philosophical reason we shall not give here, because we are going to publish a paper presently expressing at length our views on the general subject of spelling. If our correspondent will keep his eye on the future numbers of THE BOOKMAN, he will before very long find the answer fully given.

2. In the November BOOKMAN you say "styluses." Now is "styluses" the proper word for the plural of "stylus"? Do foreign words assume English grammatical forms when they become anglicised? I desire your opinion also in the case of "indices" or "indexes"; "memoranda" or "memorandums."

This is a subject in which no hard-and-fast rule should be laid down, but which should be decided in each case in accordance with usage and common sense. Usage, of course, in the long run establishes the law; but when, as in these specific instances, usage is still unsettled, we think that common sense and special circumstances should govern. As between "memoranda" and "memorandums," there is really nothing to decide, unless it be that "memoranda" is a little more euphonious. For ourselves, we speak of "indexes" to a book, and of "indices" to character, because usage seems to make a sort of distinction here. As to "styluses," we will pledge ourselves invariably to speak of them as styli if our correspondent on his side will promise always to speak of Barnum's and of Forepaugh's circi.

IV.

A gentleman who says some complimentary things by way of prelude, finds fault with the title-page of our magazine. To describe "A Literary *Journal*" as "published *monthly*" involves, he thinks, an etymological paradox; and he asks whether one may expect to find in the future an *annual* published *daily*. We think that here is another case for an appeal to usage and common sense. The word "journal" has in general use lost its original meaning, and is now practically equivalent to "periodical." On the other hand, "annual" still keeps its early and special signification, assisted by the fact that the word is in regular use as an adjective, and by the existence of the adverb "annually." Etymology does not greatly affect the popular employment of words. For instance, does our correspondent never speak of "paraphernalia" except when he means a bridal trousseau?

Other criticisms still await an answer; but we have already exceeded our space, and must postpone their consideration until the next time.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Yale University Library reports its total number of volumes as nearly 200,000, which, with about 40,000 volumes in the Society and other auxiliary libraries, makes a total for the University of 240,000 volumes. A recent addition is the gift, by Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, of the classical library of Dr. Ernst Curtius.

The Boston Athenæum, together with associated libraries, has entered upon the compilation of an index of architectural plates contained in art and architectural periodicals and other similar publications of archæology and decoration. If this undertaking can be realised, it will give a handbook of great usefulness to libraries and to art workers.

Mr. Frederick Saunders, who has been for nearly forty years connected with the Astor Library, and has for many years, in the capacity of Librarian, with Mr. Robbins Little, conducted its administration, has resigned. The Trustees of the corporation have accepted his resignation, continuing his salary during life. Mr. Saunders has been widely known as a literary man, and his reminiscences which appear in a preceding article published in this number furnish a lively and entertaining account of some of the literary men and

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movements of his earlier days. As he is nearly ninety years old, it cannot be said that he is laying down the active duties of life with unbecoming haste.

The Free Public Library of Newark, N. J., held on November 19th its fourth annual exhibition of art-books. These exhibitions, which many libraries are coming to hold with a good deal of regularity, serve the double purpose of acquainting the public with the art resources of our libraries and of stimulating in turn the libraries to acquire art-books.

The authorities of the Pratt Institute are giving an interesting series of lectures on the art of book-making in connection with the Library School. Among the lecturers thus far have been Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne and Mr. E. W. Hopkins, also of the De Vinne Press, on printing, and Miss Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff on book-binding.

The Cincinnati Public Library in its last report, issued July 1st, 1896, announces itself as the possessor of 189,491 volumes, and states that it has loaned for home and library use 525,672 volumes, or, including periodicals and newspapers, 1,142,373 pieces during the year.

Wise persons have told us that the greatest hindrance to the industrial emancipation of women is the fact that they were women. Miss Theresa H. West, who for many years has been connected with the Milwaukee Public Library, and after various promotions was, in 1892, made Librarian-in-Chief, has resigned her position recently and become the wife of Mr. H. L. Elmendorff, formerly Librarian of the Free Public Library in St. Joseph, Mo. This proceeding, following the example of Miss E. B. Coe, formerly Librarian of the New York Free Circulating System, who resigned a year or two ago to become Mrs. Rylands, of this city, may possibly be considered as discouraging by the younger feminine workers in libraries. The fact that the most successful feminine librarians give up their positions without hesitancy to enter into matrimony would seem to imply that success in library work is, after all, not their highest ideal. Mr. P. D. Wright, of St. Joseph, Mo., has been elected Librarian, succeeding to Mr. Elmendorff.

Mr. George W. Cole, former Librarian of the Public Library of Jersey City, sailed with his wife for Europe recently. Mr. Cole will spend the winter in the south of France enjoying the leisure which the gods bestow.

One of the latest additions to the list of periodicals devoted to bibliography is *Le Courrier du Livre, Revue Mensuelle de Bibliophilie et de Bibliographie, Publiée par un Groupe de Bibliophiles Canadiens*, at Quebec. This occupies a field hitherto little worked—namely, that of the publications in the French language issued in Canada. If it carries out its purposes, it will be of interest and service to American librarians who know so little of this field of literature.

The Annual Report of the Redwood Library and Athenæum at Newport, R. I., has just been issued. It is numbered the one hundred and sixty-sixth, and states that the Library now contains 42,043 volumes, with additions during the past year of 2129 books.

The world of scientific scholars and librarians is discussing with much interest the doings of the Bibliographical Conference held at London last summer. As is well known, the Royal Society of London has issued, covering a period from the beginning of the century, a catalogue of scientific papers, from the authors' standpoint only. This Conference, called to meet the demand for a subject-index in the same field and to discuss the ways and means to bring this about, accomplished considerable and left much still to be done. Practically it was resolved to carry on this work by international co-operation with the central seat at London and to issue the catalogue in the English language, at first on cards of some form, but later in book-form. As to the classification and arrangement to be adopted, no existing scheme found favour in the eyes of the Conference, but it was wisely determined to consider this matter further. The important details, thus, of form, financial basis, and execution of this endeavour were left to the Committee of the Royal Society.

It is astonishing to reflect how much more advanced in this matter are the students of the exact and descriptive sciences than the men devoted to historical and philological pursuits. The scientists have their laboratories and collections, and books form only one part of their apparatus. The students

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of the humanities are almost exclusively confined to records and printed books. Nevertheless, nothing like a general index or catalogue of the innumerable papers issued in any section of these sciences exists. The bibliographer, by means of the Royal Society Catalogue and other helps, can usually identify a paper on a scientific theme, if not issued too recently ; but he is absolutely without a clue to most papers on historical and philological topics. One reason for this condition of things lies in the disorganised state of investigators in this field.

Whatever may have been the grounds for criticism of the administration of the Astor or Lenox Libraries in the past, the new administration of the combined libraries seems eager to accomplish all that is possible for readers and investigators. The two library buildings are now fitted with electric light, and are kept open until nine o'clock in the evening. The Trustees and Librarian are most anxious to cooperate with other New York libraries and to organise, as far as possible, the library development in New York City.

The Trustees of the Newark, N. J., Public Library have offered to the New Jersey Historical Society quarters in their new library building, soon to be erected, and the Society is taking steps to accept the offer. It looked until recently as if the Society would decide to go to Princeton and occupy the quarters offered it in the new Princeton University Library.

It appears that THE BOOKMAN, in its November number, undervalued the Princeton Library. It is to cost at least $600,000 instead of $500,000, as here stated. At the recent celebration at Princeton an interesting exhibit was made in the old library building, including a block book and many interesting early imprints from the Morgan Collection and from other sources.

The pages of the *Library Journal* and other periodicals devoted to library affairs in the United States are largely taken up with reports of the doings of the numerous library associations, general, State, or municipal. Their number and activity, as thus set forth, show most vividly the extent to which library work in this country is becoming organised. A late number contains intelligence from twenty State associations and several that are limited to a single city or locality.

The Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission has just issued its sixth report. This shows that all the towns and cities in that State, with the exception of twenty-four, are now provided with free public libraries. At the beginning of the work of this Commission, in 1890, one hundred and five towns were destitute of a public library. It is thus reasonable to agree with the Commission in their expectation that shortly every town in Massachusetts will have its storehouse of books for the people's reading. The Chairman of this Commission, Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, head of the State Library of Massachusetts, has given this work his constant attention from the beginning. The total number of volumes reported in the free public libraries of Massachusetts is 3,139,637, with a total of loans for home use for the year 1895 of 6,267,061. Comparison of these figures with those of 1891–92, four years ago, show an increase in the number of volumes of 380,337, and in circulation of 1,227,432 volumes.

German librarians and collectors are excited over the wholesale swindle which has recently been attempted on them by the offer of several volumes purporting to have been presented by Luther to his friends with autograph inscriptions. Some seventy such books have recently been offered for sale, forty by a single bookseller of high reputation. The suspicion of collectors was aroused, and the autographs laid before experts, who, by comparison, soon discovered the forgery. It appears that during the past twenty-five years only about twenty autographs of Luther have been offered for sale in all Europe. The sudden throwing on the market of seventy in a single year would seem to be overdoing the business of counterfeiting.

The additions to the British Museum during the past year are reported as 234,337 volumes and pamphlets. How large a proportion of this number comprises pamphlets or books of no scientific value received from copyright does not appear, but this class of additions must have been a large part of the whole. It would appear doubtful whether the British Museum is keeping up from year to year with the publica-

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tions of value issued in countries other than those under British dominion.

It is interesting to note the change of sentiment expressed at present by American scholars concerning the facilities and resources of the great European libraries and the opinions held some twenty or even ten years ago. At that time the university professor or scholar, returning from Europe, was full of praises of the great advantages offered him abroad, especially in the completeness and wealth of the great libraries of London, Paris, and Berlin, as contrasted with American libraries. At present, the returning worker admits that he was unable often to find in those libraries important works of recent issue in many fields of modern research, especially in the natural sciences and in economic and sociological topics, and that he is able to procure from a number of American libraries in some, at least, of these subjects more ample and vastly more accessible resources.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES.

A few enthusiastic collectors and book-lovers, of Boston, who associated themselves several years ago under the title of "The Club of Odd Volumes," have recently been publishing some reprints of early American Poetry, of which Vols. III. and IV., each edited, with an introduction, by Mr. James F. Hunnewell, have just been issued.

Volume III. contains two very scarce poetical productions of Cotton Mather, both reprinted from the unique copies formerly in the Brinley Library, but now in the Fiske-Harris Collection of American Poetry in Brown University, Providence. Both are elegiac, as was much, if not most of the poetry of the Colonial period. The first is "A Poem Dedicated to the Memory of the Reverend and Excellent Uriah Oakes," printed in Boston in 1682. The other is "An Elegy on the Much to-be-Deplored Death of that Never-to-be-Forgotten Person, the Reverend Mr. Nathanael Collins," printed in Boston in 1685.

Volume IV. is a reprint of the earliest piece of American Poetry, published with a separate title, "An Elegie upon the Death of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Shepard, late Teacher of the Church at Charlstown, in New England," printed in Cambridge in 1677. Also three Elegies and an Epitaph selected from the Works of Cotton Mather.

The two earlier volumes, which were published last year, included Benjamin Thompson's *New England Crisis*, reprinted from the only known copy in the Boston Athenæum, and the Rev. William Morrell's poem, "Nova Anglia," published in London in 1625, one of the earliest poems relating to the present territory of the United States.

The volumes are reprinted letter for letter with the originals, and the old spelling and the incomprehensible and frequent use of italics, capitals, and black letter is retained. The title-pages are reproduced in facsimile. Only one hundred copies of each volume are printed, of which only thirty copies are offered for sale. Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, 28 High Street, Boston, is chairman of the publication committee.

AMERICAN BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

The second volume of *American Book Prices Current for 1896*, compiled from the auctioneers' catalogues by Mr. Luther S. Livingston, has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The present volume covers the period from September 1st, 1895, to September 1st, 1896, and extends to 500 pages. It records 7411 lots, which is nearly 25 per cent more than was included in the first volume. The arrangement is in a single alphabet, not as in the previous volume, chronologically by sales, and in this way the necessity of constant reference to the index is avoided. The success of the work has shown that there is a demand for such a reference book, and its publication will probably be continued annually.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1896.

Immediately after election, as was expected, a considerable number of buyers, who had been holding off for a settlement of the political situation, came to the city, and throughout the entire month the purchases of stock orders, both by mail and by personal selection, have been the feature of sales. Orders for daily necessities have come along regularly, but have not shown the hoped-for increase. City trade has been rather quiet, so that the month's business has not indicated any marked increase as an immediate result of the election. Nevertheless, everybody has been busy preparing for the holiday trade, publications have been numerous, and the general impression is that December business will be very heavy.

There are no especially new forms or styles of binding; the two-volume twelvemo or octavo illustrated editions are still among the most popular, and we have in this shape new editions of *Cape Cod*, by H. D. Thoreau; *Life of Michael Angelo*, by H. Grimm, and *St. Elmo*, by Augusta J. Evans; while in one volume, handsomely illustrated, are *Meissonier, His Life and Art*, by V. C. O. Gréard; *Gray*

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Days and Gold, by William Winter; *Hans Brinker*, by Mary Mapes Dodge; *Rome of To-day and Yesterday*, by J. Dennie, and *A Window in Thrums*, by J. M. Barrie.

In juvenile literature there is a great variety from which to select; the new volumes in such series as the Witch Winnie, Blue and Gray, Little Prudy's Children, etc., will be eagerly sought for. *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog*, which was so popular last year, has a successor in *The Golliwog's Bicycle Club*. Also new editions of *Slovenly Peter* and *Some More Nonsense* are of a similar character. The annuals, such as *Chatterbox*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The Round Table*, are ready, and together with *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, by Eldridge S. Brooks, and *Midshipman Farragut*, by James Barnes, form substantial and attractive reading for the boys and girls.

Fiction, however, will take the foremost position, and already *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *Taquisara*, *The Murder of Delicia*, and *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht* have reached a large sale, while among the month's notable publications are *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *Rodney Stone*, by A. Conan Doyle; *In the First Person*, by Maria Louise Pool, and *Clarissa Furiosa*, by W. E. Norris.

Among the season's publications is a number of books of travel, including *The Forgotten Isles*, by Gaston Miller; *Timbuctoo*, *The Mysterious*, by Felix Dubois, and *The Edge of the Orient*, by Robert Howard Russell, all profusely illustrated.

On miscellaneous subjects *The Beginners of a Nation*, by E. Eggleston; *Autobiography of P. G. Hamerton*, and *Without Prejudice*, by I. Zangwill, should be much called for, and *The History of England*, by "Bill Nye;" *Biography of A. G. Gordon*, by E. B. Gordon, and *The Cure of Souls*, by Ian Maclaren, are already in good demand.

A rather unusual number of books on childhood have been issued, and include *Songs of Childhood*, by Eugene Field, and *Songs of Little People*, by Norman Gale, while several others are announced for immediate publication.

The remarkable sales of *King Noanett*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Sowers* and *A Singular Life* still continue, and show no signs of abatement.

The leading books of the month, as nearly as can be judged from the great number now selling, are:

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M Barrie. $1.50.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.
A Singular Life. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.
Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. $2.00.
Taquisara. By F. Marion Crawford, 2 vols. $2.00.
Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1896.

Business has certainly revived since the election, and is now better than it has been for a long time. The tendency also is, we are glad to note, an upward one, and prospects are bright for the holidays.

Like the poor, the pessimist is always with us, and there are still some to be found who think the times bad, because the increase of business is not more marked than it is. A great deal depends, of course, upon the holiday results, and it is to be hoped that the Christmas trade will be above the average, so as to make up for deficiencies in the early autumn.

November business was decidedly miscellaneous in its character, for toward the end of the month nearly everything moved fast. Country orders were numerous, but were mostly of the smaller kind, and although they figured up well as a whole, taken singly, the amounts were comparatively insignificant. The trade evidently is not in a mind to stock up very much yet.

The month was not quite so prolific in new publications as its predecessor, but still many saleable books were added to this year's list. Those which are making the best beginnings are *Rodney Stone*, by Conan Doyle; *The Seven Seas*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Chapters from a Life*, by Mrs. Phelps-Ward; *The Cure of Souls*, by Ian Maclaren; *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Sister Jane*, by Joel Chandler Harris.

Pictures of People, C. D. Gibson's new book of sketches, is selling very well, and promises to be as much the rage during the holidays as was his first book, published two years ago. These two books and a few others similar in style are about the only "Table" books, as they are termed by the trade, that are selling at all nowadays, the old-fashioned flat books, which were so popular formerly, having nearly disappeared from the bookseller's counter.

Henry Seton Merriman is the latest author to be added to the list of those who, after remaining comparatively obscure for a number of years, have come to the front rank with a bound. His novels had very little call, indeed, until *The Sowers* appeared, and that, after starting off slowly here, is now in great demand. Anything he publishes hereafter will be widely called for.

That the public will read poetry just as eagerly as ever it did is evidenced by the call, last month, for J. W. Riley's new book, and this month for Kipling's *Seven Seas*. The last-named book was the subject of as much (if not more) inquiry before publication than any other book that has appeared this fall.

Juveniles are going very well now, although they were somewhat slow earlier in the season. More care is now given to the illustrating of

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young people's books than formerly, and one notable feature this year is the beauty of the pictures. Among those prominent in this respect are *Pierrette*, by Marguerite Bouvet, and the *Century Book for Young Americans*.

Several new books on George Washington have appeared lately, and two or three more are promised. As the magazines are also devoting considerable attention to the "father of his country," it may be that a Washington cult is at hand, to supersede the "Joan of Arc" fad, which is nearly exhausted.

Popular fiction sold well last month, and the record on this class of books is even better than it was a year ago. *Kate Carnegie* was the best-selling book, while *King Noanett* was a good second. Others which went exceptionally well are Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, J. K. Bangs's *House Boat on the Styx*, Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*, and *The Joy of Life*, by Emma Wolf.

The following books led the demand, but there are many others that deserve mention, did space allow it:

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
A Child-World. By J. W. Riley. $1.25.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson $2.00.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Pierrette. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.25.
Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
A House Boat on the Styx. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
Field Flowers. By Eugene Field. $1.00 net.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25.
The Joy of Life. By Emma Wolf. $1.00.
Artie. By George Ade. $1.25.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Taquisara. By Marion Crawford, 2 vols. $2.00.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, October 26 to November 21, 1896.

On all hands satisfaction is expressed at the general and sustained improvement in trade, the period under consideration comparing favourably with the corresponding time of the previous year. Whether or not bicycling is the bookseller's enemy, it is certain that it cannot have affected him lately, as the state of the roads does not encourage that form of exercise. With the exception of a lull during the week ending on the 14th, the foreign and colonial departments have been busily employed making the final consignments for the Christmas trade.

The number of new books and new editions (the former, of course, largely predominating), published during the last month may be roughly stated as 1000, the largest ever known, and has certainly trebled during the memory of the writer. A large percentage of the books published were 6s. novels.

Since the three-volume novels have disappeared, the issue of new fiction in the 6s. form has been very successful, and continues to be so. An attempt is being made to revive the 3s. 6d. form, but it is doubtful if the large royalties now paid to the leading authors will permit of this being done. The French practice of bringing out novels in paper covers has been tried in some instances, but has not been favourably received.

Notwithstanding the large number of 6s. novels already on sale, there are still many to come for the present season and in the New Year, including a work by Marie Corelli. Continental Fairy Tales are much in favour at the present time, Norway, Finland, and Denmark being noticeable as providing new matter in this direction. Fashion in title-pages points at the moment to what may be called, for want of a better name, the "mediæval descriptive title-page." A glance at *A Gentleman's Gentleman*, for example, will show what is here meant.

The quantity of musical publications now sold (that is, Hymn Tune Books and the like) is very noticeable, pointing to the wonderful spread of musical education during the last twenty or twenty-five years.

The stage is just now a good friend of the bookseller. The great success of *Trilby* may be traced in some degree to its being dramatised, and reversing the order of things, the demand in advance for Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross* is entirely owing to its having been first performed.

Drawing-room *Table Books* are being published in small numbers. Evidently something to be read and enjoyed is preferred to that which can only be looked at.

Coulson Kernahan's *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil* has had a wonderful run, and has caused considerable inquiry for the same author's *God and the Ant*.

New magazines are being brought out as quickly as ever, each one finding a public (remunerative or otherwise) awaiting it. The magazine is a very important item in the bookselling of to-day. The *Woman at Home*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Strand Magazine*, and the newly issued *Temple Magazine* are great favourites, while the *Quiver* and other older established periodicals have renewed their youth, and continue in the front rank.

Blackie's 5s. and 6s books (especially those by Henty) and F. V. White's 6s. books are the favourites for the boys.

As might have been expected, the motor-car movement has been signalised by the publication of several treatises on the subject, which have been disposed of in good numbers.

With the present brisk trade, it is really a difficult matter to decide on the books to be included in the list appended. The result of the most reliable, and consequently the best information, is given below:

Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Anna Steel. 6s.
(This is the favourite at the time of writing.)

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Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
Soldier Tales. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Herb-Moon. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s.
Carissima. By Lucas Malet. 6s.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie 6s.
The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s.
Paula. By Victoria Cross. 6s.
Kitty the Rag. By "Rita." 6s.
The Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
The Final War. By L. Tracy. 6s.
What was the Gunpowder Plot? By J. Gerard. 6s.
History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman. 7s. 6d.
Robert Browning's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
The Sign of the Spider. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d.
The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter 7s 6d.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By C. Kernahan. 1s.
God and the Ant. By C. Kernahan. 1s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1 and December 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The First Violin. By Fothergill. $5.00. (Brentano's.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. A Garrison Tangle. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1 50. (Scribner.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Stories of Georgia. By Harris. 80 cts. (American Book Co.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Violet. By Magruder. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Country of Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd Mead & Co.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Pierrette. By Bonvet. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. ((Appleton.)
6. The Joy of Life. By Wolf. $1.00. (McClurg & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Taquisara. 2 vols. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Land of the Castanet. By Taylor. $1.25. (Stone.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
6. Talks on Writing English. By Bates. $1.50. (Houghton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little Brown & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. In a Dike Shanty. By Pool. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
4. Juana. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
5. Mind of the Master. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. In the Wake of King James. By O'Grady. $1.25. (Lippincott.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Around the Camp Fire. By Roberts. $1.25. (Briggs.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.25. (Unwin.)
6. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Cure of Souls. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1 50. (Appleton.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
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